conſiderable it may appear, ſtill there is another prodigious Conſumption of all the ſame Things before named, made in the Suburbs and *Guinguettes* of the ſaid City, where they pay no Duty of Entry; and independantly of all that, another great Quantity of all Kind of Things is ſtill entered by Fraud, in Spight of the vigilant Searches of thoſe that are employed in the Farms.

There are yearly at *Paris*, about 10000 Marriages, 18000 Chriſtenings, and 20000 Burials; beſides 6 or 7 Thouſand Foundlings that are brought to the Hoſpital eſtabliſhed for that Purpoſe.

FINIS.

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MUSEUM

AN

EXCURSION

FROM

PARIS TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHAMPS ELISEES, NEAR PARIS;

ALSO

An intereſting Account of the Unfortunate Diſaſter which befel Monſieur PILATRE DE ROZIER at BOULOGNE; with a Tranſlation of the elegant Eulogium upon him, by the Marquis DE MASONFORT;

WITH ABSTRACTS FROM THE

REGISTERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS;

Containing a Year's Liſt of CRIMINALS Sentenced at PARIS; with the Nature of their Crimes and Puniſhments;

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY A GENTLEMAN, LATE OF BATH.

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DEDICATION

TO A

FRIEND.

IF the peruſal of the following Sheets can give you any entertainment, I ſhall be ſufficiently compenſated for Printing them; and the pleaſing Reflection may hereafter encourage me to Print a Volume of Letters from Paris, containing a Deſcription of that

City, its Cuſtoms and Inhabitants; but I have too much reaſon to be diffident of the merit of the preſent Performance to put my Name to it, though the generality of my Friends and Acquaintance may probably diſcover the Author; yet under an anonymous Maſk *, I have the following advantage, that neither the ill-natured, or the faſtidious Reader, can poſitively ſay to me, "Thou art the Man."

* "A maſk" ſays Caſtiglione, "confers a "right of acting, writing, and ſpeaking with "leſs conſtraint, even when the wearer hap-"pens to be known. He that is diſcovered "without his own conſent, may claim ſome "indulgence, and cannot be rigorouſly called "to juſtify thoſe ſallies or frolics, which his "diſguiſe muſt prove him deſirous to con-"ceal."

The

The many pleaſing Hours of ſocial Converſe which I have enjoyed with you, make me regret an Abſence which may perhaps ſtill be long; but I live in the pleaſing hopes of one Day renewing that Friendſhip, which I truſt will remain uninterrupted to the laſt Period of our Exiſtence; and that you may enjoy a long Continuance of that Happineſs which you ſo eminently Merit, is,

My dear SIR,

The ſincere wiſh of Your

Faithful Friend, and

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

IT is ridiculous in an Author to invent Apologies, or to explain his motives to the Reader for Publiſhing a Book, when he is wilfully determined to do it, let the conſequence be what it may, though even like the Ephemeron worm, it ſhould live but a day.

I am not inſenſible of the numerous faults which abound in this work; yet

perchance there may be ſomething to commend, if there is much to condemn; and much as that may be, it will neither mortify my Vanity nor wound my Senſibility, as public Judgment will only exſuſcitate me to correct my own upon ſome future occaſion; ſo that there is *ſomething* to be gained from printing. A man may be enabled to know himſelf better and become wiſer from public inſtruction.

It may be neceſſary to obſerve to the good-natured and candid Reader, that great allowance is due to the Author for the many inaccuracies which are in this Volume. From a reſidence in France, he was obliged to leave the Corrections of a Country Preſs to a Country Bookſeller.

Some Readers may object to the many French expreſſions in this Book; but they were not adopted from affectation, or in thinking that Language preferable to the Engliſh; but with due deference

to

to the Reader, I think upon ſome occaſions they may be admitted, as they ſerve to Characterize more forcibly the manner and meaning of the Perſons deſcribed, that is to ſay, they appear more in Character in wearing their own Garb; but perhaps I may be wrong in admitting them in an Engliſh Performance.

In the Excurſion to Fontainebleau, there certainly is ſome extraneous and ludicrous Matter interwoven, nay, I am but too conſcious of admitting ſome vulgariſms and abſurdities againſt my own better judgment.

Video meliora proboque deteriora ſequor; yet I hope this frank acknowledgement will not altogether ſet aſide the *Chaſtity* of the Deſcription of the celebrated Chateau and Foreſt of Fontainebleau; let then the intelligence of the latter, ſomewhat atone for the excentricity of the former;

former; and let not the Reader exclaim: *Plus aloes quam mellis habet.*

The Adventure in the Champs Eliſeès is founded upon Truth, and but little heightened.

The Account of the Fate of Pilatre de Rozier was written from being an eye witneſs to the dreadful ſcene; and having an opportunity of arriving at facts, I hope it will prove the moſt intereſting Account that has yet been Publiſhed concerning that ingenious and unfortunate young Man.

Perhaps my giving a Year's Liſt of Criminals condemned at Paris in this Volume, may appear rather ſingular; but I was willing to try the experiment of ſeeing how far a work of that nature would excite the curioſity of the Public. *In this* I have only briefly given the heads of the Crimes, and the Sentence of each Criminal,

Criminal, and for a Specimen, one Arret at large in French.

The French Trials are never Publiſhed in that full manner which our Trials are, with the various Evidence, Counſellors, Examinations, and Replications, and with the Priſoner's Defence, &c. for in that Arbitrary Government no perſon is permitted to be preſent at the Trials, and the greateſt part of them are kept a ſecret from the Public.

Before I conclude this Addreſs, it may not be amiſs for the farther curioſity of ſome Readers to inform them that the Criminals in France are firſt tried within the Juriſdiction of that Province in which the Crime was committed, and are afterwards ſent to Paris to be rejudged, or to have their Sentence confirmed by that Parliament, unleſs the Province in which the Crime was committed lies within the Juriſdiction of one of the other twelve Courts

Courts of Parliament, for each Parliament has a privilege of giving a final Sentence.

The Parliament of Paris has infinitely the moſt extenſive Juriſdiction, and is ſuppoſed to condemn nearly as many Criminals as all the other Parliaments put together; but I have only given a Liſt of thoſe Condemned by the Parliament of Paris.

The Parliament do not examine by *viva voce* evidence, except upon ſome very extraordinary occaſion, but judge intirely from the written proceedings of the Priſoner's firſt trial, and from the Anſwers to the Interrogatories which they put to the Priſoner.

If there ſhould be a flaw in the Trial, or the Evidence appear imperfect, they then ſend the Priſoner back to be rejudged by the Provincial Court, who afterwards ſend him to Paris, where if he is condemned, he is ſent back and

executed in the Place where he committed the Crime.

The Parliament have a power either to increaſe or leſſen the Puniſhment, or entirely acquit the Priſoner; and if it ſhould appear that the Provincial Court have acted extra-judicially, the Parliament may condemn them to pay a fine; however this ſeldom happens; yet one inſtance comes within my knowledge: The Parliament of Paris condemned the Magiſtrates of Boulogne to pay a fine for baniſhing one Godon, a watch-maker, from the Town of Boulogne.

If the Priſoner has intereſt enough, and can ſhew reaſonable cauſe, he may appeal to the King's Privy Council; but this rarely happens, and when it does, they generally confirm the Sentence of the Parliament.

To

To Conclude; as the Subjects of France have not the glorious privilege of Trial by Jury, and of pleading as in England, conſequently their Trials do not contain ſo much information as the Engliſh Trials; but as it has long been a Queſtion who have the greater number of Thieves and Murderers amongſt them, the *French* or *Engliſh*, the Public have now an *opportunity* in ſome meaſure of deciding that Queſtion, and of ſatisfying their curioſity, at leaſt for the Year 1782.

AN

AN

EXCURSION

FROM

PARIS to FONTAINEBLEAU.

UN carroſſe de remiſe, ſaid the Selier, *pour quatre jours*—Ay, ſaid I, for four days how much will you have—*voyons*—*voyons*—replied the Selier, with a low and tremulous voice, and at the ſame time ſurveying each lineament of my countenance with all the profundity of a ſage phyſiognomiſt.

Are we not moſt imperceptive and imperfect creatures, to have no ſurer guidance to the ſoul or mind of man than what is to be ſo indiſtinctly traced through the mazes of his fleſh and blood? Could we now but behold this mind, this ſoul, without its impriſonment in this *changeable* and *periſhable* clothing, t'would be ſomething, and the Selier would not have ſaid *qui eſt votre banquier? Mon Dieu*, replied I, what has my banker to do with your remiſe? *Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the Selier, *c'eſt un homme fort neceſſaire.* —Oh, I underſtand you very well, you want a banker to guarantee that I ſhall not run away with your old remiſe? *Non, non, point du tout Monſieur*, ſaid the Selier; but as I have not the honour of being known to you, *par hazard*, ſome accident may happen, *c'eſt tout.*

A Frenchman would rather give a ridiculous reaſon for his impertinence than be thought deficient in politeneſs. Monſieur Selier could not poſſibly have prevented

vented any accident from happening to me or to his remiſe by having the *great honour of knowing me.* However, I replied, *eh bien*, you ſhall know me, *tout incontinent*, though this is not our cuſtom in England, yet you ſhall be ſatisfied, ſaid I, pulling the bell at the ſame time with more than ordinary vehemence.—*Non Monſieur*, ſaid the Selier, I believe it is not, for the Engliſh are as generous and as honeſt as they are brave: —I am obliged to you, ſaid I, for your politeneſs and favourable opinion of my countrymen, *mais les François ſont les mêmes.*

The honeſt Selier, after a little heſitation, and a ſhrug of his right ſhoulder, replied, *Mouſieur il n'y a pas d'endroit au monde ou il y a plus de fourberries et d'impoſitions que dans Paris*; I have loſt many voitures by them, and I have made a reſolution never to let another without a banker's being anſwerable for the return of it.

My ſervant now entered the room to know my commands. I told him to ſend my much *loved treaſures* up, for that I wanted to raiſe ſome *credit upon them* immediately. Monſieur Selier, ſaid I, you have many banquiers in Paris, have you not, *Ah oui*, ſaid the Selier, *et ils ſont bien riches auſſi*—that may be Monſieur, but notwithſtanding, I ſhould be extremely ſorry to truſt them with any part of my riches.

Mon Dieu, ſaid he, *c' eſt extraordinaire ce ſont de tres honnetes hommes.*

Cela peut etre, ſaid I, but both my ſpirit and pride revolts at the unworthy idea, of having my good name eſtimated only from the number of good bills I ſet my hand to; upon my word and honour, Monſieur Selier, I would rather purchaſe your remiſe, or give up my little expedition to Fontainbleau, than I would ſubmit to the degradation of aſking

any

any banker or mercenary whatever, whether I was or was not a ſufficient man to be entruſted with your *old louſy remiſe*. An Engliſh tradeſman would have more generoſity than to harbour ſo low a ſuſpicion, ſo degrading to the honour of a gentleman.

Diable! cried the Sellier—*vous étes irité*. *Pas beaucoup*, ſaid I, *mais les Anglois*.—Here I was interrupted by the arrival of thoſe proud treaſures, to me far more eſtimable than all the gold and jewels in the univerſe.

Voila les petites enfans, cried I.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, ſaid the Sellier—Aye, ſaid I, and yet not the full amount of my riches. Now may the bright glory of Heaven be my witneſs, if I would exchange one of *theſe* for all the *gros ecus* and *caiſe d' eſcompte billets* in Paris. Monſieur Sellier, added I, they are better paſſports for *credit* than any of your King's *bankrupt pieces of paper*; you now ſee *my reaſons*, Monſieur Sellier, for not truſting your

bankers with my money——*He, he, he, he! fort bien, vous êtes bien plaiſant* ſaid the Sellier, *ma foi les enfans ſont charmants, tres, tres jolis ſurement, fort aimable.*

Monſieur Sellier, ſaid I, will you take ſome refreſhment. A Frenchman, either from politeneſs or inclination, never refuſes a propoſition of *this nature*; after the Sellier had finiſhed his fourth goblet, he became the beſt natured Frenchman I ever knew. He ſwore horribly, and by ten thouſand Sacre Dieu's, that he loved the Engliſh better than the people of any other nation in the world; they were brave, generous, honeſt, and frank. He ſaid he once lent a diſtreſſed Engliſhman ſome money, and declared that he never was ſo *much ſurpriſed* in his life as when the unfortunate Engliſhman repaid him.

Monſieur Sellier, ſaid I, you don't pay my countrymen any great compliment by this aſſertion; you muſt either have had a very bad opinion of them, or have judged

judged of them from the practice of your acquaintance. To be ſure he had *autre fois* a very bad opinion of the Engliſh, but that his prejudice and opinion were now ſo much altered, that he was become quite a fool in his partiality towards them. He ſaid he frequently defended them againſt the ignorant and unjuſt imputations and prejudices of his countrymen, till the diſpute has ended in blows. In ſhort, ſaid the Selier, I love the Engliſh ſo much, that I ſhould be very unwilling to fight againſt them, *quoique je ne ſois pas effrayé de mettre l'epee, a la main contre quelque nation, que ce ſoit dans l'univers.—Vous etes tres poli*, ſaid I, *mais vous avez raiſon*, and your countrymen too are *generally ſo polite.*——Well Monſieur Selier, am I to have your remiſe? *Ma foi oui Monſieur, ſurement, ſans memoire, ſans banquier*, you ſhall have the beſt I have, keep it as long as you pleaſe, and pay me what you pleaſe; for *par di*, I love the Eng-

liſh, *et j' ai l' honneur de vous eſtimer tres particulierment.*

The Selier having now qualified his wine with two glaſſes of liqueur, I really believe he was the moſt generous, if not the politeſt man in France; for, upon his taking leave of me, he addreſſed me with the eaſe of a courtier and the ſincerity of a friend. Sir, ſaid he, if I miſtake not, you ſaid you did not like *les banquiers de Paris*; now, Sir, although I am but *un bourgeois*, *un Selier*, yet I have always ſome money by me, any part of which, if you will only have the goodneſs to take the *trouble* of *demanding*, ſhall at any time be at your ſervice, in any manner that may ſuit your convenience. After expreſſing my gratitude, and my good opinion of the generous Selier, I told him that I had no more diſlike to the Pariſian bankers than I had to any other ſet of people, but that my true reaſon for not truſting them with my money was, becauſe few men had ſo little to truſt them

them with, *Je ſuis faché de cela*, ſaid the Selier, with an appearance of unfeigned gravity and ſincerity, and then with a look of great concern he politely took his congé.

Although we may be ever ſo far removed from the neceſſity of accepting a liberal offer, yet the benevolent ſentiments of the offerer are ever entitled to our thanks and good opinion; but in a *foreign country*, to our warmeſt panegyricks: Even ſmall attentions from ſtrangers and rivals affects the heart with the moſt lively gratitude, and is highly flattering to us. It ſoftens the heart, expands the mind, and roots out all low and ill grounded prejudices. It gives me infinite pleaſure to add, that I have been witneſs to many inſtances of the moſt diſintereſted and noble generoſity from the French to our countrymen, ſuch as will do eternal honour to their hearts.

The

The Selier was as good as his word; in one hour his remiſe arrived with the poſt horſes, and we ſet off without delay for Fontainbleau, which is eight poſts from Paris. The Route is from Paris to Charenton a poſte royale; Villeneuve St. George's, a poſte and a half; Leiurſaint two poſtes; Melun a poſte and a half; Fontainbleau two poſtes.

The road is good, and far more ſpacious than any of our roads are in England; for beſides the pavé, there is a broad ſummer track on each ſide, which is well ſhaded by lofty trees. The country for the moſt part is extremely pleaſant, particularly the *Foret de Senart*, about fourteen miles from Paris; this is a royale chace, and abounds with game of every kind.

We did not reach Melun till it was dark: here we deliberated whether we ſhould proceed upon our journey that night; however, after a ſhort conſultation, we

we determined to go on, notwithſtanding the preſſing remonſtrances of the people of the poſt-houſe, which was alſo an auberge. They wanted to perſuade us that it was extremely dangerous to paſs through the foreſt in ſuch a dark night, and aſſured us, that many robbers who had lately made their eſcape from Paris were known to be in the foreſt.

Self intereſt is often the baſis of ſuch people's perſuaſions: To a ſtranger in France it is ever ſo: In England one may be allured by the temptations of elegance and good fare; but in France, at their auberges, they hold out no ſuch bait: It is a painful obligation only that forces the traveller to ſubmit to put up with dirt, ill fare, and impoſition.

All this was in the extreme at the auberge in Melun, ſo that all their perſuaſions were ineffectual, for go on we were reſolved. On ſeeing us obſtinate they were determined to be ſo too, for they actually

actually kept us waiting for the horſes a full hour, notwithſtanding all the threats and execrations I could beſtow upon them. At length *clack*, *clack*, went the whip, the conſtant and only ſignal of alacrity the French ever ſhow in their poſt buſineſs; we aſcended our vehicle with haſte, and ere the wheels had performed one hundred and fifty circumvolutions round their axis, we deſcended with ſtill greater alacrity.

The axel-tree of one of the hind wheels broke, and which had like to have broke our necks: for after a very complete overturn the horſes being frightned became quite unmanageable to the driver, and in ſpite of all his efforts they dragged us in this mutilated ſtate ſeveral hundred yards; a waggon however, which they fortunately ran againſt, put an end to their cateer and they were now ſubdued by the aſſiſtance of my ſervant; through all this danger we happily eſcaped unhurt, but not ſo with the driver and the horſes, the poor

follow

fellow received a hurt in his thigh againſt the waggon and but for his huge and impenetrable boots would have cruſhed his legs to pieces; however we may laugh and jeſt at the French jack boots, the laugh is in the Frenchmen's favour, and they ſhew their wiſdom in not being laughed out of ſo uſeful a cuſtom; I have known many accidents prevented by the uſe of them.

As to my friend, the Selier's old remiſe, if it was worth five pounds when we ſet out, it was not now worth one; wheels, windows, pannels, and axletree broke. I have no doubt but that the honeſt Selier either ſold it to be broke up for fire wood, or to ſome Marquis or Chevalier in the neighbourhood of Melun, to add to a number of other unſerviceable carriages which had belonged to a long line of anceſtry, and now proudly grace the court-yard of the old unfurniſhed Chateau.

There is an old, though vulgar proverb, of "*needs muſt when the devil drives*," we were in this predicament; the miſerable Auberge, which we had juſt before ſo much deſpiſed, we were now very glad to re-enter, and congratulated ourſelves upon our providential eſcape, and that the accident did not happen in the gloomy foreſt of Fontainebleau.

On our entrance into the auberge I was much ſurprized at the reception we meet with, cool to the laſt degree of inſolent indifference as we paſſed through the kitchen; the old maitreſſe de l' Auberge, her ſon, and two daughters, with two or three ſervants, were ſtanding round the fire and laughing very heartily, (no doubt at the accident which had befallen us) they ceaſed as ſoon as they perceived us, but it was only to ſhew us they could be contemptuous as well as merry; they ſurveyed us with truly faſtidious eyes, nor did

did they ſtir or offer to ſhew us into either *grand Salloon or chambre.*

Nature has not yet done with her reſentments in me, nor do I hope ſhe ever will upon ſuch occaſions: I *diabled*, I threw out my whole collection of French, opprobriums with all the anger I felt, but it was like ſcattering them to the unfeeling winds, they produced no apparent ſenſation in any of them, they continued inflexibly ſilent, till I exclaimed *Sacre Dieu!* I'll go to the Commandant. He is gone out of town, replied the old beaſt of the auberge; I'll go to the Mayor ſaid I; my brother is gone to bed, but you may ſee him in the morning, ſaid the provoking wretch.

Oh, ſaid I, if law and authority has got into your family I may as ſoon expect juſtice from the devil as from your brother; this retort made her quite outrageous, ſhe ſaid that her brother would ſend me to priſon for theſe words to-morrow; ay, ſaid I,

C'eſt

C'eſt un diable en proces, il intend extrement bien la chicane; *vous êtes* (added I,) *une mechante diableſſe*: I did not wait for her anſwer, but taking up a candle, we conducted *ourſelves* into a chambre.

We had been debating the previous queſtion about ten minutes, when my ſervant O'Callaghan, entered the chambre; he advanced towards me more in the movement of a jig than that of any other time or motion, and his eyes ſparkled with joy. Sir, ſaid he, rubbing his hands, and then with a floriſh of one of them, Its *all ſettled*; I've managed it by St. Patrick, they were going to proceed to force you out of the houſe, Sir, *but I've ſettled it*—I've arranged it.

Pray, O'Callaghan, ſaid I, what do you mean, explain yourſelf, how have you *ſettled it?* Oh, Sir, the luckieſt thought, the happieſt contrivance that ever entered into the heart or brain of man; why, Sir, you muſt know that the old Maitreſſe de l'Auberge

l'Auberge is one of the moſt ſuperſtitious wicked old beldames in the world, I am ſure ſhe has not her equal in all the county of Tipperary; ſhe told me that ſhe hated the Engliſh becauſe they were hereticks, and that you, and even I too, Sir, would certainly go to the devil, becauſe we were Engliſh hereticks; that's d——d lie, ſaid I, madame, for neither I or my maſter are Engliſhmen or hereticks, we are both as ſtaunch Catholicks as any in Ireland; and as to family, there's not a better family than *mine* in the county of Tipperary, or elſe I ſhould not have had the honour of ſerving his Lordſhip—What, ſaid the old woman, is your maſter a Lord? Ay, by G–d is he, ſaid I, and the firſt Peer in Ireland too.—You are a very pretty fellow, ſaid I, interrupting him, to make me a Roman Catholic, an Iriſhman, and a Lord, without my leave.

I beg your Honour's pardon, replied he, (making a low bow) there was

no time to be loſt—there was an immediate neceſſity for theſe borrowed honours when your more eſſential honour was at ſtake, and *my own* in great danger. I don't underſtand you, ſaid I, O'Callaghan; how was my honour at ſtake, and your own in danger; explain yourſelf? Why, thus, Sir, ſaid the honeſt fellow; they threatened to turn you out of the houſe, which would have been a great diſgrace to your honour, and if they had attempted it, my own honour would probably have been in danger by an unſucceſsful attack on them; for as long as I had a drop of blood left in theſe veins, they ſhould not have carried their point; ſo I thought it a great deal better to tell ſome good round lies at once than to come to extremities; for you know, Sir, it is very dangerous to kill Frenchmen in their own country! I and your honour would have been racked alive upon a little fore wheel of a coach, juſt as I ſaw

the

the four men, laſt Tueſday was ſeven-night, in the place De Greve.

Hold, hold, ſaid I, O'Callaghan, there was no ſuch danger. I know you meant well, but I wiſh you had not—*told ſuch lies*, ſaid he, eagerly interrupting me; now, if I did not love your Honour, and had not the moſt tender regard for your reputation, I'll be d——d if I'd tell a lie to ſave your Honour's ſoul alive; but, Sir, I hope you won't be angry, this is not all, I ſtill went a little farther, I ſaid that you was an intimate friend of the Duc de Fitz James, and that you had a brother in his regiment, and, moreover, that your Honour was ſo pious a Catholic, that you had compoſed a *little form* of *prayer* for the regiment; this laſt clincher had the fineſt effect imaginable upon your *Honour*'s *affairs*; the old thief of the houſe inſtantly clapped her hands together with the greateſt joy; thank Heaven, thank the Lord of Hoſts, ſaid ſhe, that I have

got ſuch a good man under my roof, who makes forms of prayers! Oh, what an unhappy miſtake I have made! How ſorry I am that I have behaved with ſo much diſreſpect to his Lordſhip! Run to him directly, and tell him I repent, and will come and beg his pardon.

There was ſomething ſo truly ridiculous in all this, and in the relation of it by O'Callaghan, together with his attitudes and geſtures, and in the ſtrong ſelf approbation which marked his good humoured and animated countenance, that there was no poſſibility of reſiſting riſibility; in vain did I ſeveral times attempt to be ſerious in telling him that he had carried the joke too far, in taking ſo much liberty with me, but as often I relaxed into laughter. If he had only made me a ſimple Iriſh Lord, it might have paſſed, and I might have gained *ſome* reſpect, but making me an enthuſiaſtic Roman Catholic Nobleman, who wrote prayers for the Iriſh brigade,

was

was rather too much, and was leaving me to act a very hard part.

Mr. O'Callaghan ſeeing me in this laughing mood conſtrued it intirely in his own favour, and was therefore determined to bring affairs to an immediate ecclairciſſement, ſo away he ran to the door and called out with a loud and commanding voice *entrez, Madame*, you may come in, his Lordſhip's goodneſs will forgive you. Not only Madame obeyed the ſummons, but alſo her two daughters and her ſon, who was a ſtudent at one of the colleges in Paris, he was ſoon to be a prieſt, and already wore the habit except the *callotte*.

No doubt it had been agreed before the *grande entreé*, that the ſtudent ſhould be the orator and the leader, for he advanced firſt with a ſlow and ſolemn ſtep, making a moſt profound reverence at every pas; the old woman was ſtationed in the center with a dirty hand-

kerchief in her hand, which ſhe frequently affected to apply to her eyes, whilſt the two daughters brought up the rear; at the door ſtood the fille de chambre, the cuiſinier; and the valet d'ecurie; and to conclude the abſurdity of this farce, I ſat in ſtate like Don Quixote in judgment, with my truſty ſquire ſtanding by my ſide; when the ſtudent, who was very lame, owing to an ill cured diſeaſe which he had contracted at Paris whilſt at the college,—I ſay when the lame pſeudo prieſt had hobbled within one pace of me, and had made about three-ſcore reverences, he began his harrangue, but he ſtammered ſo abominably, and had withal ſuch a cracked diſcordant tone, that none but himſelf could poſſibly underſtand all he ſaid; he made innumerable apologies for the unworthy treatment which a man of my *dignity* had received, and how truly *faché* he was for it; his mother, he ſaid, was *beaucoup plus triſte*, *tres affligé*, but a *Seigneur* of my religion and well known

ſanctitè,

ſanctitè, would certainly forgive ſuch a *malheureux mepriſe*. He called me a puiſſant Seigneur, a Nobleman of the true Faith, and a friend of the French; and concluded his ridiculous harrangue with a ſcrap of Latin. It was with the utmoſt difficulty, that I could forbear from immoderate laughter, as for Mr. O'Callaghan and my young friend, they could not contain themſelves, and left the room ere half the ſpeech was finiſhed, and I was now left alone to get through the other part of the farce with all the gravity I could collect.

The old Maitreſſe de l'Auberge came up to me, and taking me by the hand, demanded my forgiveneſs and bleſſing; I told her ſhe had it, *de tout mon cœur*. *Eh bien*, ſaid ſhe, *embraſsè moi donc et mes filles et mon fils auſſi*—Extenſive complaiſance ſeldom has any cloſe alliance with truth, and mankind barter away their truth and honour in compliance with the humour of each other,

till by degrees it amounts to criminal deceit and falſehood;—they would rather break through the bounds of truth than complaiſance,

Thus it was with me in the foregoing inſtance; I was to kiſs the cheeks of an old dirty wrinkled hag; the Witch of Endor I am ſure could not be more hideous: I was to kiſs the p——d ſtudent, from whoſe carbuncled viſage iſſued forth ſuch abundant purulency: ſufficient undoubtedly to engraft the whole world with diſeaſe; and yet I replied to the horrid propoſal, *oui oui, avec grand plaiſir, Madame.*—Well, and embrace them I did; but *mon Dieu!* the *eau de vie*, and compound of various *vins et liqueurs* which exhaled from the old hag's intemperate cavity, ordorated ſuch a powerful hiſſing effervеſence, that I am certain a twelve month's reſidence in the garden of Adonis would ſcarcely take away the odoriferous remembrance

of

of that curſed embrace; as for the ſtudent,

Ten thouſand malades, tho' 'tis ſtrange to tell,
Would not together make ſo vile a ſmell.

The ſtench of the Hoſpital of the Incurables, and of the Hotel Dieu, was nothing equal to that which aroſe from the breath of the puſtulous unwholeſome ſtudent.

The *young ladies* (his ſiſters) were not yet ſo *far gone*, though one of them was certainly very *far gone en groſſe*; but I have the charity to believe, that they had not yet taken to *eau de vie* and *paint*, for I embraced nothing but innocent red powder, and natural perſpiration united in a *thick tide* which fell gently down their lovely faces.

Nothing uſed to give me more extatic joy than the tranſport of embracing the *ſex aimable*. In England, they were *once*

ſo;

ſo; but ſince it has been diſcovered in this all-diſcovering age, that God has not made his creatures as he ought to have done, its time for me to have done embracing, and I proteſt, that it ſhall be nothing but my *exceſs* of *politeneſs*, that ſhall ever induce me to embrace the vile patched work emendations of God's creatures; but on the contrary, thoſe who are not aſhamed *to expoſe* the works of Divine Nature, ſhall not only be *welcome* to my embrace, but alſo to my warmeſt wiſhes.

In France, I am determined, (whether I offend or not,) never to embrace any more, for this was not my laſt; I had one almoſt as bad ſoon after. It was an introduction to the friars of a convent with whom we dined; ſix and twenty long *bearded rogues* kiſſed each ſide of my cheek, and yet, horrid and diſguſting as this was, I think it is not more ſo than being obliged to kiſs women *who paint*

and

and uſe *red powder*. Certainly I would prefer embracing *twenty-ſix ſtinking friars*.

But to return to the precious group whom I had embraced. As ſoon as the *dreadful operation* was finiſhed, the old Maitreſſe de l'Auberge, after amuſing herſelf with about two dozen of *courtoiſies*, and as many *hems* and *haws*, aſked me if I would chuſe to have the company of Monſieur le Curè, for that he was *un homme ſavant*, and would entertain me very much, or perhaps, added ſhe, Monſeigneur, you would like to have the company of ſome of our Benedictine monks, *Ces Meſſieurs la' ont beaucoup d'eſprit*, they are, ſaid ſhe, *bien riche et mange bien tous les jours*.

I thanked the old fool for her civility, and told her, that although I preferred the company of the learned prieſts and witty Benedictines to all others, yet I muſt be excuſed from having

having that honour this evening, as I was much fatigued, and was obliged to be at Fontainbleau early the next morning, and that if ſhe would give me a good ſupper I would go to bed as ſoon as poſſible. She replied, that ſhe would give me the beſt ſupper that Melun afforded, and would charge me *en conſcience, et a un juſte prix.* For aught I know the ſupper might have been as good as Melun afforded, but it was certainly one of the worſt that a *Nobleman* of my rank ever ſat down to; but as I had long e'er this given up all thoughts of *good eating, cleanlineſs, and decency* in French auberges, I made no formal complaint, for I never yet found it of any ſervice; it only adds to one's anger and diſappointment at finding its *non-effect*; ſo I gently muttered *d———d bad as uſual.*

As ſoon as I had unloaded my mind with this wicked expletive, my anger ceaſed, perhaps it might have had a longer continuance had I not uſed it,

for there is a ſomething in the mind, a certain cogitative unquietneſs, which ſo inflates the imagination upon certain cauſes, that were it not releaſed and ſent to mingle with atmoſpheric air, 'tis ten to one but ſome ſecret mine infernal would blow up, and do exceſſive violence to objects near.

My friend who had *toujours un bon appetit*, and had not been long in France, ſwore moſt profanely, and was extremely angry with me for not doing the ſame; but he put me into the beſt humour imaginable, when he told me, that if I was only poſſeſſed of as much *ſenſibility* as he was, I ſhould *ſwear like unto himſelf*. The young gentleman, however, after drinking a bottle of burgundy, recovered his good humour; for upon hearing O'Callaghan's clarinet and a loud laugh in the kitchen, he went and joined the merry group. I only made one memorandum before I followed him; he was then dancing away as lively as a Frenchman,

Frenchman, and O'Callaghan's red face was ready to burſt with the exertion of his lungs. The dancing party was compoſed of Monſieur le Curè with the young lady with child; the valet d' Ecurie with the old Maitreſſe de l' Auberge; the lame and diſeaſed ſtudent with the fille de chambre, and my gay friend with the youngeſt daughter. Odds fiſh! ſaid I, its impoſſible that I can be ever ſad or ſerious again; there was ſomething ſo exceſſively ludricous in the motions and geſtures of the dancing group, and withal ſo much joy and ſelf approbation which marked their countenances, that I would willingly undertake ſuch another journey to enjoy ſuch another laugh. After the dance was finiſhed, the valet d' Ecurie danced a minuet with the fille de chambre; it was certainly compleatly ridiculous; but their eaſe and confidence was beyond any thing I ever ſaw; and ſtrikingly different from any Engliſh exhibition.

The

The common people in France certainly dance infinitely ſuperior to the Engliſh; you never ſee any thing of the *mauvaiſe honte* about them, and if they have not genuine grace, they have no awkwardneſs, and poſſeſs much eaſe and *fantaſy*. They dance as if nature, in her utmoſt vivacity and good humour, bid them do it; but as there ever will be ſome exceptions in caſes general, ſo it happened in this dancing party; ſtill they had much merit, for I am ſure they would have made a weeping philoſopher wipe his eyes and laugh.

When O'Callaghan had finiſhed playing the minuet de la Cour, I told him I ſhould go to bed—I hope your Honour, replied he, won't go to bed before I have danced my hornpipe, for you have never ſeen me—Well, ſaid I, but you have no muſic O'Callaghan—I beg your Honour's pardon, replied he, I have my own muſic, I always whiſtle to my hornpipe as you ſhall hear, Sir. So away he

he exhibited one of the beſt and moſt humourous hornpipes, without exception, I ever ſaw. His time, addreſs, and agility were truly admirable; and if he did not exceed Signor Roſſignole in whiſtling, he certainly was the beſt *gentleman whiſtler* I ever heard, except Sir Thomas B——.

Great and unbounded was the applauſe which O'Callaghan received from the whole kitchen. The old Maitreſſe de l'Auberge kiſſed him, and he had many compliments paid him by the company. O'Callaghan was recommended to me for as honeſt an Hibernian as ever was born in the county of Tipperary, and for as curious a genius too, and he certainly *was both*; he was about 40 years of age, had lived with ſeveral reſpectable families, and had been in France and Italy ſeveral times, ſo that he was a fellow of very conſiderable accompliſhments; for beſides dancing a hornpipe, whiſtling, and playing the clarinet, he beat the drum, played

upon

upon the ſalt box, ſung a good ſong, and repeated many ſpeeches out of plays. O'Callaghan had fewer faults than any man I ever knew; he had only *three*, and they were all very pardonable.

He was certainly one of the moſt *humane* and *good natured fellows* that *ever broke a head*; but this he would ſometimes do without loſs of time, if he received a ſuppoſed affront, but never without firſt challenging the party, for he was a *generous aſſalter*; yet doubtleſs he was too tenacious; for he would *tweak* a Frenchman by the noſe without giving him any notice at all, if he, in his judgement, thought the Frenchman *looked impertinently* at him. Twice I ſaved him from going to priſon; and twice it coſt me twenty-four livres to prevent it; for I could not avoid paying for his raſhneſs, when he would tell me in excuſe, that "*he was upon my affairs*, "*that he did it to ſupport my honour as a* "*Gentleman and an Engliſhman.*" This he pleaded when he pulled the *noſe* of the

maſter of the *poſt-houſe* at Lieur Saint, for calling him *Monſieur Roaſt Beef*; and the ſame excuſe he made when he *ſlapt the chops* of a poor little marchand Epecier of Abbeville; the poor grocer was only looking at him as he was faſtening my baggage upon the carriage; but he unfortunately ſquinted, and had a trick of twiſting about his mouth, which Mr. O'Callaghan having obſerved ſeveral times, he at length concluded it muſt be him that he ſquinted and made mouths at, ſo without any farther heſitation, he ſaluted him with three or four very hearty ſlaps in the face.

Upon the poor grocer's complaining to me, O'Callaghan was in the moſt violent rage imaginable—a d——d little ſcoundrel (ſaid he) why, he treated I and your Honour with all the contempt that his eyes and mouth could poſſibly utter without talking—For ſhame, O'Callaghan, ſaid I, how can you be ſuch a fool? don't you ſee that what you call contempt in this poor

fellow is nothing more than his natural defects.—Upon my ſoul, (replied he,) if you had only ſeen him juſt now, you would not have called them *natural defects*. I vow to God I never ſaw ſuch impudence in my life! Its nothing now to what it was, though I think he is ſtill inſolent, ſaid he, obſerving the unfortunate epecier's eyes and mouth.—Nor could I convince O'Callaghan of his miſtake.

The ſecond fault Mr. O'Callaghan had was being too much addicted to drinking; yet he paid ſo much regard to *my affairs*, (to uſe his own phraſe,) that I never ſaw him intoxicated *without my leave*, and *leave* he would frequently aſk me, with the following introduction: "*Has your Honour any immediate affairs* "*for me to perform?*" What you wiſh to get drunk O'Callaghan?—No; not unleſs it is *all agreeable to your Honour.*—

It is very remarkable, that the effect of liquor ſhould operate ſo eſſentially different from what one ſhould expect in ſuch a character as O'Callaghan's. Nature had given his conſtitution, as well as his genius, a peculiar turn—Liquor, inſtead of inflaming his natural irritability and ſuſpicions, quite ſoftened them, and even melted him into exceſſive ſenſibility. I have known him in ſuch a ſituation give a poor man a three livre piece, and he has wept at the recital of the beggar's misfortunes. It is a common ſaying, that "a man's heart is ne-"ver thoroughly known till he has been "ſeen drunk." Now, to admit fully this aſſertion, I think would be extreme folly; for ſurely there muſt be more rational criterions whereby to try the touchſtone of a man's heart, than to put him out of his ſenſes by *getting him drunk*, and making him expoſe all his abſurdity, vice, and folly. As much deceit and hypocriſy is often concealed within the little *kingdom of man*, no doubt the various

rious humours and paſſions of the mind will ſometimes appear in their true colors; yet how can their truth be juſtly aſcertained? Who can ſay (from ſuch a confuſed and ſcattered heap of words) I will chuſe ſuch a number as I pleaſe to form the opinions and ſentiments of ſuch a man, and he ſhall be a raſcal or an honeſt man juſt as I think proper? and yet ſo abſurdly and arbitrarily muſt he judge, who will form his opinion of a drunken man.

But to return to O'Callaghan: He was when *drunk* or *ſober*, a benevolent creature. Poor O'Callaghan's third and laſt fault was a very uncommon one, and ſuch as I never before knew any ſervant guilty of; it was paying *too great an attention to my affairs*, to my *honour* and *perſon*; and in this he was ſo zealous, that he has often brought me into awkward and diſagreeable ſituations: one day he would repreſent me extremely poor, and perhaps the next day give an account (with

a wonderful degree of gravity) of my immenſe poſſeſſions in England, Ireland, the Weſt Indies, or America. Sometimes I was a field officer, and had been in a hundred bloody battles; at other times, I was a nobleman of great political knowledge: Once he gave me out as an ambaſſador travelling *incog.* and another time as a muſician, (*the firſt clarinet player in the world.*) As to my country, if I had had three-ſcore births, they would not have been ſufficient for the numerous places he would ſay I was born in. My names were as numerous and as multiplied; and the whole accommodated (as he uſed to ſay in his warped judgement) *according to the circumſtances which immediately concerned my affairs.*

All this I was very far from approving; but notwithſtanding all my anger and threats, he would ſtill offend juſt as his humour and *the ideas* of my intereſt ſwayed him. The laſt time that he got me into a diſtreſſing ſituation from his hyperbole, was at the town of M—— He told the people

people at the auberge, that I was my Lord A——. It ſo happened, that this very nobleman had ſome years ſince reſided near this town, and was well acquainted with the principal inhabitants: It preſently flew like lightening, that their old friend my Lord A—— was arrived, and in leſs than half an hour I had the Commandant of the town, and five other gentlemen to pay their reſpects to me.

Their ſurpriſe, and my diſtreſs, may be eaſily conceived; I was obliged to tell them that it was the abſurdity and whim of my crack-brained ſervant which had led them and myſelf into ſuch a diſtreſſing ſituation. The Frenchmen, however, appeared much chagrined upon the occaſion, and no doubt thought I was an impoſtor and an adventurer. Many were the alarms he cauſed in my family, when I have been in Paris, after it was dark, in repreſenting to them exaggerated dangers to which I was expoſed, and telling them the number of murdered people he had lately ſeen in

the Morne. Upon my returning home from Paris, I have generally found him reconnoitring upon the road between my houſe and the barriers, with my double barrelled fuſeè; and once on finding me abſent longer than uſual, he reſolved to march into Paris to *ſeek me*; but in attempting to paſs the barrier of St. Ann, with his *fuſeè a la main*, the guard ſtopt him, and demanded whether he was a *chaſſeur* or *guard de chaſſe?*—Neither, replied he.—Is your fuſeè loaded, ſaid the ſoldier?—O'Callaghan thought if he had told the truth, he ſhould be detained, ſo he replied in the negative.—I'll examine it, ſaid the ſoldier, which upon his doing, he found it loaded with ball.

In vain did O'Callaghan proteſt that it was only for the purpoſe of conducting his maſter ſafe home; but the ſoldier had other ſuſpicions, and inſiſted upon his going to the guard-houſe till he could give a more ſatisfactory account of himſelf. By the time I came home I found a meſſenger from O'Callaghan, who informed

formed me of his ſituation, and that before he could be liberated I muſt go to the guard-houſe to anſwer for him, which, late as it was, I immediately did, much to the joy of poor O'Callaghan, who told me that he was regardleſs of his own ſituation, but was very anxious about mine, aſſuring me, that there had been ſeveral murders lately committed in and about Paris, and that it was always dangerous to go from Paris to Clignencourt at ſo late an hour.

The fears of the honeſt and affectionate fellow were ſomewhat reaſonable; ſeveral inſtances of aſſaſſination had lately happened not far from the village of Clignencourt. I am almoſt perſuaded that I have too far indulged myſelf in drawing the character of O'Callaghan; it may be deemed too unintereſting and *mal a propos*; but what ſignifies apologies, when I am reſolved to pleaſe myſelf at all events, in recording the virtues and ſingularities of an honeſt ſervant, whoſe character

racter I eſteemed and loved, and whoſe faults ever brought their excuſe with them; nay, I ſhould think myſelf ungrateful to his memory, were I not to ſpeak of his virtues, at the ſame time that I have had occaſion to mention his *excentricities*; but above all, I think myſelf bound in conſcience, (at leaſt its a pleaſing relief to my thoughts,) to pay this tribute, trifling as it may be, *to the memory of a faithful creature, who unhappily loſt his life in my ſervice.*

The following verſes were politely ſent me by Mr. Sibbald after reading the character of O'Callaghan.

"Mors œquo Pede."

Horace.

SHALL humble worth the debt of nature pay,
And not receive due tributary lay;
Shall titled fools demand, and them alone,
The fulſome incence on Mendacious ſtone?
No, truſty Callaghan, thy maſter's pen,
Guiltleſs of flatt'ry in the praiſe of men,
Spontaneous to its uſe, itſelf uprears,
To ſign the record of thy faithful years;

To

To prove his memory of thy ſervice paſt,
Commenc'd with zeal and blameleſs to the laſt.
Yes, honeſt ſhade! long will remembered be
Thy bluntneſs, quaintneſs, arch ſimplicity;
Nor in his mind will e'er forgotten be
Thy white lies—utter'd—for his *dignity*.
For ſuch thy faith, for ſuch thy ceaſeleſs cares
In *his*—may Heaven act in *thy* "*affairs*."

Having thus, my good natured reader, treſpaſſed upon your time and patience, I will for a few minutes conduct you back again to the ſcene of action at Melun, from whence (if you pleaſe) you ſhall follow me to Fontainbleau; for by this time, I much fear, you are heartily weary of your journey as well as of my digreſſions and the incidents I have introduced.

I left the dancing party in the kitchen to purſue their amuſement, and their *more favourite after pleaſures*; for the next morning O'Callaghan told me a droll ſtory, not at all favourable to the chaſtity of Monſieur le Curè and the young

young lady *en groſſe*. O'Callaghan did not ſcruple to aſſert, that from a converſation which he had overheard, and from a ſituation which he had *ſeen them in*, that he was certain that the prieſt had been the procreator of the young lady's protuberance.

Not a voiture was to be procured in all Melun, ſo rather than run the riſk of breaking our necks in riding their wretched poſt-horſes, we determined to walk to Fontainbleau, as it was only two poſts or four leagues.—Juſt as we were ſetting off, the old Maitreſſe de l'Auberge came up to me and addreſſed me thus :

Monſieigneur, mon cher Monſeigneur, je vous demande un grace—let me hear it, ſaid I—It is, ſaid the canting old hypocrite, that your Lordſhip would have the *bonté* to give me the form of prayer that your Lordſhip compoſed for your family, for I am ſure, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall have an increaſe of bleſſings from the *Bon Dieu*, if

if I uſe it in my family—*Sacre Dieu!* ſaid I, (being ſomewhat angry at her requeſt, and at the abſurdity of O'Callaghan in telling her the tale,) have you the folly to ſuppoſe, Madame, that I travel *comme un a pôtre, a la mode apoſtolique*, with a cargo of prayers and bleſſings to expend upon my journey. Have you not a moſt pious and virtuous prieſt, who is always ready for the *ſervice* of your family? would it be virtuous or honeſt in me to rob him of any part of the function of that holy office, which is to him a fountain or ſpring of bliſsful joy? No, Madame, ſaid I, my conſcience forbids me coveting the poſſeſſions of other men, becauſe it ſtrongly aproximates to carnality. Go then, Madame, to that holy man, Monſieur le Curè, aſk of him and I dare anſwer he will give your family a ſpeedy increaſe of bleſſing, perhaps even more than you want or deſire; as to your deſerving it I have no doubt. I was determined to make the *bolts ſhoot the contrary way*, and the Maitreſſe de l'Hotel was not ſuch

ſuch a fool as not to unlock them with the key of her underſtanding; it was very evident ſhe did, by her confuſion, and in the manner of her ſaying, ah, *Monſieur le Curé, Monſieur le Curé!* with the moſt ſignificant ſhakes of her head.

Having got rid of this ridiculous old wretch, we ſet out upon our pedeſtrian expedition. The morning was as fine as we could have wiſhed it; but we had ſcarcely reached the charming foreſt of Fountainbleau, (having walked about a league and a half in a beautiful country) before it began to rain as faſt as the full engendered clouds could emit their waters; nor did it ceaſe till we arrived at the Hotel de Grand Cerf in Fontainbleau. As we were half drowned, and having no change of apparel, we prudently went to bed, firſt ordering our dinner to be got ready in two hours, and our cloaths to be dried with all expedition.

During

During theſe two hours we were *dans un profond ſommeil*, and when Monſieur Barbe, the Maitre de l'Hotel, came to inform us that dinner was ſerved, the ſleepy god had taken ſuch an intire poſſeſſion of my young friend's faculties, that the hotelier had much difficulty to awake him, which when he had effected, he was ſaluted with *le diable coquin pourquoi troublez vous mon repos, je n' ai pas pu attraper une minute de ſommeil.* *Mon Hôte* being a laughing good humoured coxcomb, only replied, *levez vous, levez vous, il eſt tems de ſe lever, de roaſt beef is ſervi, it ſhall be mauvaiſe ſi vous reſtez enlit.*—D——n your roaſt beef, ſaid my ſurly friend, you have none worth the ſpitting in France, its all mauvaiſe.—However, in juſtice to Monſieur Barbe, his beef and his dinner was the beſt I had ſeen in France; ſo was his houſe, his beds, and his furniture, and was altogether ſuch as would have ſurprized me had he not informed me that he had formerly been in England,

land, and had learned the *art of cleanli-neſs.*

Two couple of bottles of excellent burgundy put us into excellent ſpirits, and after this excellent piece of information, I am reſolved to to relate no more petit adventures or remarks in *this excur-ſion*, but to give an immediate account of

FONTAINBLEAU, which is a town in the Iſle of France in the Gatinois, and principally conſiſts of one long ſtreet, with narrow ſtreets interſected at right angles, the inhabitants are about 3000; they have but little trade, and their only manufactory is thread lace. The town is ſituated in the middle of the foreſt; the great road from Paris to the ſouth of France runs through it; this town is only famous for its ſituation and having in it the celebrated hunting Chateau of the Kings of France; for if the Grand Monarchs have taken care to embelliſh their Palace they have not improved the town by any public buildings

or

or in granting the inhabitants any particular privileges or immunities.

Before the Chateau of Fontainbleau was built, the foreſt was called *La Forêt de Biere*, but it has ever ſince been called, after the name of the Chateau, owing to ſome fine ſprings of water which were found near it.

It is not found that the name of Fontainbleau was ever mentioned before the reign of Louis the VIIth, called the Young, and it is ſeen by a charter of this Prince, which was in the year 1169, that he cauſed a chapel to be built in honour of the Virgin Mary, and endowed it with a proviſion for a Prieſt for ever; it is for this reaſon that they look upon Louis the Young as the founder of the Chateau of Fontainbleau; Philipe Auguſte, his ſon, had alſo a great partiality for this place, as he uſed to paſs the beſt part of the year at it; St. Louis, was alſo fond of this ſituation, who founded a convent called Religieux de la Redemption des Captifs. Philip

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the Fair, John, Charles the Fifth, and Charles the Seventh had alſo the ſame attachment for this Chateau that their predeceſſors had; but Francis the Firſt ſurpaſſed them all, not only in repairing the ancient buildings, but in conſtructing new ones, and as he loved and protected the arts and ſciences, he invited a number of Italian artiſts, famous for their taſte in architecture and painting, to embelliſh this ſeat; if Francis the firſt had intirely pulled down what his predeceſſors had at different periods erected, his Italians might have left poſterity a better taſte of their genius in erecting a uniform pile of building, inſtead of patching up old buildings of irregular architecture, and adding as much irregularity thereto, which altogether makes confuſion worſe confounded.

The taſte for architecture in thoſe days was extremely vicious; tho' the architects were acquainted with the ancient orders, yet they did not know how to employ them, without introducing ſome of their

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own gloomy and clumſy intruſions. Some of their churches (I think) are the only chaſte ſpecimens of architectural genuis that they have left us; however, notwithſtanding theſe remarks in reſpect to the Chateau of Fontainbleau, though there are many buildings joined to each other at different times without order or ſymmetry, and which forms a confuſed maſs of edifices of different architecture, nevertheleſs, with all this confuſion, it has undoubtedly an air of grandeur and Majeſty, and for a *hunting Chateau* it is at leaſt worthy the lodgement of a great monarch, or if he ſhould delight in *magnificent retirement* he here has ſolitude in her higheſt perfection.

This vaſt palace is built in a valley, and its plan almoſt triangular, it is divided into five courts, and each court containing immenſe buildings; the firſt court you enter is a large ſquare, and by a very handſome portal in the center of that ſide of the ſquare fronting the town; from an inſcription upon this gate-way, it appears

that it was built by Henry the Fourth, who alſo built the kitchens and other offices; there is a fountain in the court called the fountain of the trois viſages, from three maſques in bronze which *jet* water from their mouths. From this court, which is called *La Cour des Cuiſines*, you paſs through the *Port Dauphine* into the *Cour Ovale*; it was Francis the Firſt who altered the original form of this building into that of an *Oval*, and Henry the Fourth conſtructed the curious ſquare dome over the port Dauphine; this dome is ſeventy feet high, and decorated with many columns of marble of the Tuſcan order, beſides many antique figures in bronze, the ſtatues of Henry the Fourth and Marie de Medecis are alſo placed here.

The Cour Ovale is the moſt ancient part of this Chateau, a ſtone balcony with an iron railing environs the building; this balcony is ſupported by forty-five columns of the Compoſite order. Within this building are two grand ſtair-caſes, one to the right has two flight of ſteps, the other, which

which is at the other end of the court, is ornamented with twenty-one naked figures of women as large as nature, together with their infants; theſe figures are not only extremely indelicate but they are alſo miſerably executed; in this building is one of the three chapels which belongs to this Chateau, it was founded by Louis the Seventh in the year 1259, and is called the chapel of the Virgin and St. Saturnin; who this worthy ſaint was, or for what he was connonized I cannot learn; but I ſee he has his day ſet down in the almanack, which is the 29th of November.

This chapel was dedicated and conſecrated by our Thomas a Becket of Canterbury, who was obliged to leave England, being convicted of robbing the public while he was Chancellor, yet this ſanctified thief found protection from the ſcarlet whore of Rome, and alſo in Louis, who permitted him to conſecrate churches in his dominions, but I believe this very chapel of St. Saturnin was the laſt he ever

conſecrated, for I find it was very ſoon after this, that our Henry the Second, who was then in Normandy, was conſtrained to treat with this haughty prelate as the King was in a ſtate of excommunication. Becket then went to England, where from his inſolent triumphant entry, he ſo provoked Henry, that in his rage he uttered thoſe well known words before the four Knights, who immediately went over to England and killed him; the chapel, as I before obſerved, was built in the year 1169, and Becket was murdered in the year 1170.

This chapel was, in the year 1259, given to the Religieux of Sainte Trinitê, by Louis, it was afterwards rebuilt by Francis the Firſt, ſo that it is ancient while it is modern. The ceiling is very curious and beautiful, the graces, and other figures attending the birth of the Dauphine are all admirably performed; every part of this beautiful chapel is moſt richly adorned, many of their Kings having contributed ſome ornaments for its decoration,

tion. The altar was deviſed and erected by Henry the Second.

Francis not only rebuilt this chapel but added another to it of equal beauty, which is called La Chappelle du Roy, this chapel joins to the royal apartment, from whence the King comes to maſs, it is of an oval form, and both chapels are decorated with the doric and compoſite orders; here are ſome admirable pictures by Ambroiſe du Bois, by Jean du Bois his ſon, and Jean de Hoey, and upon the altar is a copy of that celebrated picture of the viſitation by Piombo, the original picture is at Verſailles. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that their is a dome in the Chapelle du Roy, which for its paintings and ornaments is deſervedly much admired, this dome was beautified by Henry the Fourth; over the door of this chappele are the following verſes in praiſe of Henry.

Riche en biens, en Entans, en Royaume, et en femme,
Au milieu de la paix, ce Monarque indomptè
Décore ce lieu ſaint, dans l'ardeur qui l'enflame
Pour fair dans ſa cour regner la piété.

An ingenious acquaintance of mine has thus rendered them in Engliſh,

Of kingdom, children, wife and wealth poſſeſs'd
This victor monarch too with peace is bleſs'd,
Here of his zeal is ſeen th' irradient blaze,
His courts conducting ſtar to virtue's flow'ry ways.

Here are numerous apartments for the King's attendants, but none that merit any deſcription; at the top of this building are many carved turrets and ſpires, according to the old taſteleſs mode; from this Ovale Cour you paſs into the Cour de la Fontaine by a gate which is named La porte Doreé, from the arch of the gate-way being gilded; this gate-way was formerly the principle one belonging to the Chateau: this court is one hundred and eighty feet in length, and one hundred and ſixty-eight in breadth, and was conſtructed by order of Francis the Firſt.

This court takes its name from a fine fountain which throws its water from the mouths of four dolphins into a large ſquare baſon;

baſon; in the middle of which is an antique ſtatue of Perſeus in marble, and the carp in this reſervoir are as large as thoſe of the Prince of Conde's at Chantilly.

This Cour de la Fontaine is the moſt agreeable and beſt ſituated of any that belongs to this chateau; from it, is a fine view of the foreſt, the rocks, the gardens, and the water; in this building are the principle royal apartments, the ſalle des gardes, and the ſalle de la comedie; you aſcend to theſe by a double flight of ſteps one of which leads to the guard chamber and the other to the play-houſe. At the bottom of theſe ſteps, upon pedeſtals of ſtone, are placed two ſphinxes in bronze, much admired for their excellent beauty and workmanſhip, and in ſeveral niches are placed the antique ſtatues of Venus, Mars, Bacchus, Mercury, and Minerva, beſides ſeveral other buſts and figures; ſeven arcades to the north of this court, ſupport a terrace which is enriched with ſculpture of various allegoric figures

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of the Great Henry the Fourth. Henry built the Theatre, but it may be well ſuppoſed that it has undergone various alterations ſince his time, even in its preſent ſtate not much can be ſaid in its praiſe; it is not large, but perhaps large enough for the court. I did not ſee the ſtage, but ſuppoſe it muſt be of a tolerable ſize, as ſome of their principal operas are generally performed there every year.

The Salle des Gardes is adjoining to the King's bed-chamber, and is about ſeventy feet in length and thirty broad, the ceiling was painted by the famous Errard; here are many pictures painted upon the wainſtcoat, but either time or damp has ſo defaced them that I could not make out the ſubject; the Garde des Corps muſt ſurely conjoin a very ſtrict ſilence with their duty, otherwiſe his Majeſty muſt be ſomewhat diſturbed with two hundred men cloſe to his chamber; unleſs indeed Kings have the privilege of ſleeping ſounder than their ſubjects. I believe our amiable Monarch

narch is not ſurrounded with ſuch a ſet of creatures to prevent his being murdered or ran away with; but his Majeſty of France, one ſhould ſuppoſe, by the train that always attend him, is in conſtant apprehenſion of being aſſaſſinated or carried away, but I think the illiberal dread in one party, and the generous confidence in the other may very naturally be accounted for; *there is more danger from ſlaves than from freemen*, from hence it is evident, there is more glory in reigning over a free than over a ſlaviſh people, the temptation is leſs, and the conſcience more at liberty in the limited monarch than in the abſolute: the former meets with the free approbation of his ſubjects, while the latter experience only an abject and ſervile ſubmiſſion from his.

An elegant author ſays, "trite obſervations degrade ſomewhat of the dignity of writing;" but if ſuch reflections ariſe apropos, I cannot avoid giving them expanſion, ſo I muſt put up with all the

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infamy of the *degradation*; yet common civility obliges me to beg the reader's pardon, "and twice I do it."

The King's bed-chamber is a moſt ſuperb and elegant appartment of about forty feet ſquare, the royal bed is of green ſatin embroidered and trimed with gold fringe; it is ſo high that his Majeſty is obliged to mount it by ſome ſteps, which are covered with green ſatin, this bed (as indeed are all the royal beds) was of an immenſe breadth; good room for four people; would to God, ſaid I to myſelf, that the pauvre malades in the Hotel Dieu (who lie four and ſometimes ſix in a bed) had all his Majeſty's beds, I have it from inconteſtible proof, from ocular demonſtration, that they would become the malades better than their Majeſties.

That little chintz bed which I ſee in the corner of the room, pray who is that for, ſaid I to my guide, who was a humorous Swiſs, and by his viſage loved his bottle,

bottle, and he had certainly not omitted it that day, for his mouth, if not his heart was as open as day: Ay, that *petit lit la c'eſt quelque fois pour la Reine*, but ſhe does not often ſleep in it becauſe ſhe perfers *la plus grand*, and as his Majeſty is actually in poſſeſſion of the largeſt in his dominions, her Majeſty thinks ſhe has all the right in the world to enjoy it; I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid the Swiſs, *En verité* none of his Majeſty's ſubjects have one ſo large.

This is very well known and is often talked of, there is not one of her Majeſty's ladies of the bed-chamber, but what envies the Queen for the ſize: Ay, ſaid I, ſtill looking upon the bed, I heard that it was of a prodigious ſize, yet it is very ſtrange that ſo ſingular an article ſhould be ſo well known and ſo much talked of; pray, ſaid I Monſieur le Swiſs, what may be the dimenſions of it, *Je ne ſais pas*, Monſieur, ſaid the Swiſs, making me a low bow. *Je ne l'ai jamais meſurè. La Reine*, ſaid I, *doit être ſatisfaite de lui, de ſa conduite. Mon Dieu oui ſurement*, ſaid the Swiſs,

Swiſs, with an arch look and a ſhrug of the left ſhoulder, at the ſame time offering me a pinch of ſnuff, he ſaid, *Cela eſt vrai, C'eſt bien dit.*

Eh bien, reader, and perhaps you may ſay, *c'eſt un Conte fait a plaiſir.* No upon my honeſt word it is not *on dit le meme a Paris*, though I will confeſs it to be *un conte gras, licentieux et trop libre.*

Regardez, Monſieur Regardez, la belle plafond, eſt fort eſtimes de connoiſſeurs the ceiling was finely painted, the ſubjects were various actions in the reign of Louis the XIIIth and XIVth: from the bed-chamber we entered the ovale chambre, or the grand cabinet, this was conſtructed by the order of Francis I. and was ornamented by Henry IV. upon the ceiling is painted many paſſages of hiſtory by Paul Brille, and fifteen large pictures of the hiſtory of Theagne and Charicleé; from this we entered La Chambre de St. Louis. This is the King's public eating room, it

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is about thirty-ſix feet ſquare, the ceiling is richly painted, and here are many fine pictures; the next room to this is the Anti-Chambre, which Louis XIV. had conſtructed. Here are two fine pictures, one by Du Pouſſin and one by Pietre de Cortonne. On one ſide of the Anti-Chambre you go into the firſt cabinet—the pictures and the ornaments of this cabinet are diſtributed with infinite taſte, the pictures repreſent royal virtues, that is to ſay, ſuch virtues as are more eſſential to kings than to other men.

The Queen's appartments adjoining to the Salle des Gardes conſiſt of many rooms and cabinets and a gallery. One of the cabinets, which is adjoining to the Queen's anti-chamber, is called *Le Cabinet des Empereurs*; it is ſo called from the twelve Cæſars being repreſented on horſeback; in the middle of which is the figure of Henry IV; he was certainly a gallant and amiable prince, and well worthy of the honour which poſterity have ſhewn to his memory. In an appartment

partment within this are eight pictures repreſenting the hiſtory of Tancrede and Clorinde, by Ambroiſe du Bois; but Monſieur Ambroiſe certainly did not take too much pains with theſe pictures.

The Queen's gallery which is alſo called *la gallerie de Diane*, from many ſubjects which are here repreſented from the fabulous hiſtory of that goddeſs, is one hundred and ſeventy feet by eighteen. This gallery was ornamented by Henry IV, the arms of France, Navarre, and of the houſe of Medicis, are painted with emblematic figures upon the ceiling; over one of the chimney-pieces is a fine portrait of the Fourth Henry, repreſented as Mars with his trophies of war: over another is Marie de Medicis, the wife of Henry, in her royal robes; theſe two portraits were painted by Ambroiſe du Bois, and are very highly finiſhed. This gallery is full of paintings, many of which, in my opinion, are very indifferent; but the

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ten pictures of the battles and victories of Henry merit particular notice; all the others are taken from fables. At one end of this gallery is a ſmall cabinet, called Le Cabinet de la Voliere, becauſe formerly from this cabinet was ſeen the Aviary which is now deſtroyed. I was much diſappointed in not ſeeing the Queen's grand cabinet; it was ſhut up on account of the preparations which were then making for the King, who was expected in a few days to hunt for the firſt time this ſeaſon.

The honeſt Swiſs could not help remarking what a hurry and buſtle there was throughout the palace, and all, ſaid he, *for one day*, for the King is obliged to attend a grand fete at Verſailles the day after—What attendants will he have with him, ſaid I, for this one day?—Why, ſaid he, about two thouſand only; but when the Queen, Monſieur and Madame, and the Count and Counteſs of Artois, Madame Elizabeth, &c. &c. come to Fontainbleau, we have about

twelve thouſand in the Chateau. Then, ſays the Swiſs, *le diable eſt aux vaches*, and here they ſtay for ſix weeks, hunting, ſhooting, dancing, ſinging, drinking, wenching, maſquerading like devils; then, ſays he, we have an opera every night, and we have at leaſt two hundred muſicians diſperſed in companies about the Chateau. Well, Monſieur le Swiſs, ſaid I, is not all this very agreeable, don't you like it?—*Par Dieu, point du tout*, replied he, I have not time to eat, drink, or ſleep—Not drink, Monſieur le Swiſs! —*Le diable!* no, not half enough, for I am obliged to endure *grand ſoif*, becauſe I always open the door of the King's anti-chambre.—Well, ſaid I, I wiſh then thou hadſt a better employment, for I believe thou art a very honeſt fellow.

He made me a low and humble reverence for my good opinion, and as he roſe again, he put his hand to his breaſt and ſaid, *je ſuis content, vive le Roy il eſt grand et bon auſſi.* I was ſtruck with

with admiration at his ſuperior underſtanding, and felt my own inferiority and was aſhamed of it: I will never inſult a man again, (ſaid I to myſelf,) by wiſhing him a change of circumſtances when he is content with what he poſſeſſes.

The reaſon, reader, why I wiſhed to have ſeen the Queen's grand cabinet was, becauſe it is not only the moſt magnificent apartment in the Chateau, and inriched with the beſt pictures, but alſo contains the rareſt collection of curioſities in the world; *the rareſt certainly*, as they are all originals, not a ſecond ſpecimen of any of the various ſpecies contained here, is to be found in any other collection. From the Gallerie de la Riene, we were led to la Gallerie des Cerfs, ſo called from their being forty-three large ſtags heads in the gallery, which is two hundred feet in length, and thirty in breadth; this gallery is ornamented with paintings repreſenting

all the royal houſes in France, their gardens, foreſts, and environs, with every particular! Every one of theſe paintings is ſeparated by a ſtag's head. It was in this gallery that the unfortunate Marquis Monaldeſchi was aſſaſſinated through the intrigues of Chriſtian, Queen of Sweden, in the year 1657. A croſs with an inſcription is erected to his memory.

Here is another gallery adjoining to this, called la Gallerie des Chevreuils, from there being twenty-four roe-bucks heads in it. This gallery was conſtructed and ornamented by Henry IV. who is painted in the habit of a hunter, accompanied by the Dauphin, his ſon, and many lords. There are ſeven large pictures in this gallery, they are thirteen feet high by twenty-one in length, and repreſent various chaces, as the wolf, the ſtag, the roe-buck, the boar, the fox, and the hare; the different actions of the ſcenes are admirably deſcribed and ſupported:

ported: They were painted by Du Breuil.

I am afraid I ſhould fatigue my reader, were I to drag him through the various apartments in this immenſe Chateau, as it is *ennui writing*, I am ſure it muſt be equally ſo *in the reading*; therefore, if the good natured reader will have a little more patience with me, I will conduct him out of this labyrinth of ſalles, chambers, cabinets, and galleries, and if he wants to breathe pure air, and to view the ſcenes of nature in his ideas as much as I did in reality, he will be glad to change the ſcene from the King's chamber to the King's foreſt; for much as I admire the arts and ſciences, I ſtill love great nature more, and would rather view a quiet, humble, rural ſcene than all the ſublime touches of Titian's glow: Yes, I would rather be pricked by the bramble in the foreſt, than I would walk upon dried roſes in a queen's bed-chamber; they I am ſure, would be attended with leſs

danger, than would the voluptuous and luxuriant enjoyment of a bed of roſes; for, though ſtripped as the ſweets are from their thorns, yet as they once poſſeſſed them, the poignancy of their touch ſwells upon the imagination, and creates a power of diſturbed and looſe ideas.

And now then, gentle reader, after this eloquent, quodlibetical ranting ſpecimen of bombaſt, you ſhall be quickly conducted through ſome more apartments, promiſing you at the ſame time, that I will not lead you through the *ſeventy chambers* which environ the Queen's garden.

In this Chateau are apartments called Les Apartments des Reines Meres, from their having been inhabited by two queen-mothers, or queen-dowagers, Catharine de Medicis, Henry the Second's Queen, and afterwards by Anne d'Autriche, the Queen of Louis XIII. theſe apart-

apartments are in a ſquare court; the building is of brick, and was built by Francis I. and when the Emperor, Charles V. paid a viſit to the King, he was lodged in theſe apartments. This was not a very friendly viſit, for it is recorded that they uſed to ſquabble every day; and ſome time afterwards, when they had a more ſerious quarrel, they gave each other the lie with as little ceremony as would two London porters; yet a duel was not the conſequence of this memorable diſpute, though a challenge was ſent and accepted.

Les Apartements des Reines Meres, were formerly by far the moſt ſuperb of any in the Chateau; the ceilings and the wainſcoats, which were painted in the reign of Henry II. are wonderfully fine; the colours are ſo ſtrong that they appear as if newly done, but which I was aſſured was not the caſe; the ſubjects are various battles, and mythological ſtories; ſome of the rooms were painted

by the order of Louis XIII. In one of the rooms, I was ſhown a golden trumpet highly ornamented with precious ſtones: This trumpet belonged to Catherine de Medicis who uſed to amuſe herſelf in blowing it: The honeſt Swiſs told me that ſhe performed upon it in concert, and played a remarkable *fine ſolo*, and that ſhe would frequently take it with her when ſhe hunted, and make the woods and rocks of Fontainbleau, re-echo with its ſhrill ſound.

She uſed to ride and blow *comme une diableſſe*, ſaid the Swiſs.—If the Queen did really exert her lungs upon this inſtrument, ſhe muſt have had a mouth as large as a ſalmon; for though I *have none of the leaſt myſelf*, I could by no means cover its *embouchure*: I am therefore inclined to believe, that inſtead of her Majeſty's having a *fiſh-like mouth*, ſhe had a ſmaller *embouchure* which was affixed to the other, and thus it might have been adopted to the more moderate ſize of poor

Catherine's

Catherine's mouth. Having ſettled this important point, with all the candour due to the chops of a dead queen,—

I paſs into the *anti chambre*, beautifully painted by the famous Cotelle; in this chamber is a portrait of the Dauphine, ſon of Louis the Great; he is repreſented on foot before the ſiege of Philiſbourg, where he behaved in a moſt gallant manner, and in a ſortie, which the beſieged had made, he killed ſeveral with his own hand: The countenance of the Dauphine is the moſt handſome and animated that can be imagined; though this is only a copy by Stiémart, yet it is ſaid to be far ſuperior to the original by Rigault, which is in the poſſeſſion of the Marquis de Torci,

In this chamber are alſo the portraits of Marie Thereſe d' Autrich, Louis Fourteenth's Queen; this was painted by the Elder Sève, and is an original. Here is a portrait of Louis XIV. in his

royal robes; this is alſo a copy by Stiémart, the original by Rigault, is at Verſailles; the other portrait in this chamber is of Anne d' Autriche, painted by Sève, ſo that it appears this celebrated painter had the honour of having two Queens ſit to his pencil, and though he muſt have been an old man when he painted Thereſe d' Autriche, yet his genius and abilities were ſo far from being on the wane, that he ſeems to have acquired more fire and brilliancy as he advanced in life; perhaps the old boy was animated by the ſuperior beauty of Thereſe d' Autriche, who was certainly a handſome woman, though pretty *en bon point*; *but ſhe was not the worſe ſubject for a piece on that account.*

Louis XIV. had quite an Engliſh taſte in reſpect to women, and has been heard to ſay, that he preferred Engliſh women to thoſe of his own country; and indeed this is not in the leaſt extraordinary,

nary, if the Engliſh women were in thoſe days as ſuperior as they now are to the French in *reſpect to beauty.*

In a beautiful cabinet adjoining to this chamber are many fine pictures eſteemed very valuable, by Cotelle and Manperchè; and in another adjoining to this, which is called *Le Cabinet d'Henry* II. is painted the hiſtory of that king in a very fine ſtyle; the painter's name I could not learn.

I was led through a range of rooms which was formerly occupied by the Dauphin, ſon of Louis XIII. and the father of Louis XIV. theſe apartments were formerly painted with the works of that weak and ambitious woman, Anne d'Autriche, during her regency; this was executed by her order, and beſides many flattering allegorical alluſions, the whole range was fitted up in the moſt ſumptuous and expenſive manner.

In one of theſe apartments is the famous picture, by Baſſan, repreſenting Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel tilling the earth; This is a moſt admirable picture, and deſerves attention.

In this Chateau is a gallery of 396 feet in length, it is called *La Gallerie d' Uliſſe*, from its having fifty-eight large pictures repreſenting the hiſtory and travels of Ulyſſes. Beſides this there is another gallery called *la Gallerie de Francois* I. which is nearly as long as the former, and much broader; this gallery is ſituated between *la Cour de la Fontaine*, and *le Jardin de l' Orangerie*; it was the firſt building that was finiſhed by Francis, and it is recorded that the entertainment which this gallant prince gave upon the occaſion was magnificent and expenſive beyond example; a fine portrait of him is in this gallery; from this picture it appears, that he was tall, ſtrong, and well made, his eyes piercing, and his countenance animated, though more auſtere

ſtere than pleaſing; but I think it would puzzle a *learned* phyſiognomiſt to trace the features of a viſage when more than half of it is barbarouſly covered with a long beard.

The ceiling of this gallery is finely painted, about half of it with the repreſentations of the battles of Francis; the other part, with ſome actions of Hen. IV. and of Louis XIV. for they both contributed to the ornament of this gallery. Here are many pictures of various ſubjects, painted by Rous, whoſe ſtyle of painting, if I (who am not a firſt rate connoiſieur,) may preſume to judge, is far from pleaſing; if it is not really bad, there is a certain ſtiffneſs, which to me appears to be extremely diſguſting; his coloring is very fine, but he has not laid it on with much delicacy.

This

This gallery, I was informed, has another name, *la Gallerie des Reformés*, and they give two reaſons for its being ſo called: the Calviniſts, who were the *pretendu reformés*, preſented a famous petition in this gallery to Francis I. and Louis XIV. after the peace of Pirenées, *reformed* or diſbanded ſome of his officers in this gallery, and then formed them into a company for his ſon the Dauphin.

This gallery has been famous for many great conferences and interviews, and the treaty of peace, called the peace of Fontainbleau, in the year 1762, was ſigned in *la Gallerie de Francis* I. or in *la Gallerie des Reformées*.

Francis I. was not only a gallant warriour, but an accompliſhed gentleman; he underſtood and encouraged literature, and was deſervedly ſurnamed *le Pere des Sciences*; he had alſo the minor accompliſhments in a very eminent degree,

ſuch

ſuch as riding the great horſe, tilting, dancing, muſic, &c. and as to his ideas of magnificence and taſte, he ſurpaſſed all his contemporaries, witneſs the hiſtory of the reception he gave to Henry VIII. at Ardrès near Calais, which was ſo extremely ſuperbe and coſtly, that the fields where they were encamped are to this day called the *fields of gold*; and notwithſtanding he gave the lie direct to the Emperor, Charles V. yet he perfectly underſtood the *etiquette* of ceremony and politeneſs upon certain occaſions. At a tournament, though he underſtood the art of tilting better than any man of the age in which he lived, yet he had the complaiſance and ſelf-denial to permit our Henry VIII. to carry off the palm of victory, with all the extravagant and pompous triumphs which attended theſe *tragi-comick diverſions*; perhaps Francis, (who had beat the Swiſs,) till that period deemed invincible, might not have been at all ambitious

ous of ſubduing his gueſt at a tournament, eſpecially as policy forbid it, and he was no rival warrior to Francis.

I was led to theſe remarks upon coming to an apartment called the Library, of Francis I. this is a room of fifty feet ſquare, and was filled with the beſt authors that Francis could collect in thoſe days; he had the beſt collection of manuſcripts of any prince of that age. This curious and valuable library was taken to Paris during the civil wars, and now forms a part of that immenſe body of literature in the King's library in the *Rue de Richlieu*, and here they are not diſtinguiſhed from the general maſs of books. It would ſurely be more pleaſing, if not more uſeful, to ſee theſe books placed in their original and venerable ſituation. The only furniture in this room, which was the library, and ſtudy of Francis, is an old table and a chair, and an old iron ink-ſtand: I was informed,

informed, they were made uſe of by Francis, and left here, I ſuppoſe, as a record, that a King of France could *read* and *write*.

In this Chateau are various apartments fitted up for the preſent Royal Family in the modern taſte, and are more neat than magnificent; ſome of them are *a la mode Anglois*, with chintz and cotton furniture, and neat paper hangings; but moſt of the apartments are hung with tapeſtry, repreſenting various actions of the kings of France; the keeping is excellent, and the colours brilliant; the ſtories are ſo intereſting and entertaining, that I really think they are alone worth the ſeeing.

I obſerved that every matraſs, quilt, and blanket upon the beds were ticketed, upon which was a number and the name of the poſſeſſor, as No. 1, *La Riene*,

No. 2, *Madame la Comteſſe de Provence*, &c. &c.

The Duc d'Orleans, as being the elder branch of the Bourbon line next to the Royal Family, is allowed apartments and attendance at the King's expence in this Chateau, and I think them the pleaſanteſt.

I was ſurprized to ſee the muſic room ſo ſmall, and the orcheſtra ſo meanly fitted up, with unpainted deal boards; but I apprehend, that when the whole court are here, they have the concert in one of the galleries. When the King is here, without the Queen, he ſups in a ſmall apartment adjoining to this concert-room, and the band playing *ſans ceſſe* the whole evening.

The king generally has four or five of his attendant noblemen to ſup with him, and often entertain themſelves with ſinging, and *always* with a chearful glaſs.

I have

I have been credibly informed that his Majeſty is not a *flincher* upon certain occaſions, or to uſe another vulgar Engliſh phraſe, that he is ſometimes a very *jolly fellow*. The open hearted Swiſs told me that in a *bon vivant* party one evening, of which Monſieur le Comte de Provence made one, they circulated the glaſs very freely, and had ſung a variety of ſongs till after one o'clock in the morning, but Monſieur de Provence who never ſings, and is remarkably temperate in drinking, (though not in eating,) had fallen aſleep; the King, to rouſe him, poured a little wine down his throat, which not only rouſed him from his ſleep, but rouſed his ſpirit alſo: He was extremely angry with his royal Brother, who, ſo far from being angry, laughed very heartily at the poor Comte, but inſiſted upon his firſt drinking a goblet of wine, and then ſing a ſong. The Comte proteſted he would do neither. The King ſwore *par Dieu*, that he ſhould, or he would ſend for ſome of the *filles des Cuiſines* to undreſs

him and put him to bed. However, after much perſuaſion and raillery, and the Comte ſeeing the King in a peremptory cue, he at length conſented to gratify the King's humour; he drank his goblet, and he ſung his ſong, which the King enjoyed with high glee. As ſoon as he had finiſhed his ſong, the King got up and embraced his brother, and ſaid, *my dear Staniſlas, I will never aſk you to ſing again till you have had ſome inſtructions from a maſter, and now Artois and myſelf will put you to bed inſtead of the filles des Cuiſines, for I am ſure you cannot go alone.*

The King, ſaid the Swiſs, gave orders for his retinue to be ready for the chace at ſix o'clock, but it was eleven before his Majeſty got up; as for Monſieur, he was too ſick to attend the hunt that day.

In this Chateau is a court, called *la Cour du Cheval Blanc*, from an antique figure of a horſe in white marble; it was

found at Rome, and is ſaid to have belonged to Marcus Aurelius; it was placed here by Catharine de Medicis, but the building was by Francis I. This court is five hundred and thirty feet long, by three hundred and forty-eight broad. In the apartments belonging to it are lodged the Secretaries of State, and many of the King's principal officers.

I ſaw only one apartment in this building, which is called *la Salle du Billiard*; the ceiling is very beautifully painted with the works of Louis XIV. and Anne d' Auſtriche. The laſt building I ſhall mention of this Chateau is a chapel, called *Chapelle de la Sainte Trinitè*; this was given to the religious of the Holy Trinity by St. Louis, who built it after his return the firſt time from a cruſade he made to the Holy Land. When a number of religious of this order would follow their general to France, in the year 1259, Louis built a convent of this order; it was called *Covént de Religieux*

*de la Redemption des Captifs**: This chapel has been much embelliſhed by ſeveral ſucceeding Kings. Here are many fine pictures by Martin, Freminet, and ſeveral by other famous painters. The chapel is one hundred and forty-feet by ſixty. The architecture is of an unpleaſing mixture of the Gothic blended with the taſte of thoſe days. In this chapel is one of the beſt organs in France, made by a German in the reign of Henry IV. and notwithſtanding its age, it is remarkable for its fine tone, and variety of ſtops; the orcheſtra is made for one hundred muſicians.

There are many other buildings belonging to this Chateau too tedious and unintereſting to particulariſe; ſome of which are much out of repair, and others in ruins.

* This excellent Society, laſt year, purchaſed the releaſe of near two hundred captives from ſlavery.

The

The gardens do not merit much deſcription. The orange garden is ſmall, but full of the moſt beautiful and flouriſhing orange and lemon trees. The Queen's apartments face this garden, from which is emited a fine and refreſhing fragrance into her chambers. In the middle of this garden, which is a ſquare, is a fine fountain of water, in the centre of which is Diana and four ſtag hounds in bronze; theſe are much admired; nor can any thing be more highly executed than they are. The name of the artiſt I could not learn, and perhaps if I had, it might not prove remarkably ſatisfactory to the generality of my readers, any more than many other of my petit remarks and obſervations. But he who will write for every claſs of readers, is like unto a Paris Traiteur, who invites his cuſtomers to a variety of diſhes without giving them any one really ſubſtantial; but this is politic in the Traiteur; he is certain to pleaſe ſome of his cuſtomers, whilſt the others have

no real cauſe for diſcontent; ſince nothing but rich and ſolid repletion can ſatisfy their inſatiable and keen appetites, not conſidering at the ſame time, that it is far more wholeſome to make a light meal ſometimes, when they are ſo often pampered with the rich and delicious compound of more approved and learned cooks.

The principal garden belonging to this Chateau is called *le Jardin de la Reine*; it extends to the length of the whole building, with a noble terrace the length of it. This garden is laid out in the old French taſte, nor is there any thing worthy of remark. A large pond, with a multitude of ſmall fiſh in it, *is nothing rare*; but below this garden is a very large piece of water, as limped and as pure as can poſſibly be found. It abounds with a variety of fiſh. The Queen has a boat upon this water, in which ſhe often amuſes herſelf with fiſhing. The view from the

the Chateau is only diverſified from the vaſt ſcene of the wood by this water, and a ridge of high rocks, which extend about a league along the ſouthern road. To theſe rocks we rambled, and with ſome difficulty climbed the ſteep ſummit of the higheſt.

A view in the wilds of America, could hardly be more bold and romantic than this ſcene; and I am ſure would not convey ſo much pleaſure to the beholder as the *coup d'œil* we enjoyed; for it was as much rude and grand nature, as that which could be ſeen after a toilſome and dangerous journey, through a vaſt and trackleſs uninhabited country.

Here we beheld a beautiful foreſt extending on every ſide, as far as the eye could reach, with various interſected cuts for the convenience of the chace, with here and there ſome open ſpaces of heath ground.

The

The foreſt, which is upwards of thirty two thouſand arpens, ſtands upon a great inequality of ground, which but adds to the majeſty of the ſcene. In many places the rough tops of rocks juſt peep above the lofty ſpreading oaks, whilſt in others, you diſcover the tall pine trees nodding their bended tops over ſome craggy clift. The long line of ſteep and broken rocks from which we viewed, added to the ſight of the venerable caſtle, once the abode of many famous Kings, whoſe eventuous hiſtories at once fill the mind with a mixture of pleaſing and melancholy reflections.

The multitude of game ſeen on every ſide of the foreſt renders it a moſt compleat and delightful ſcene. From the altitudes of theſe rocks we found the air ſo many degrees colder than it was below, that we were glad to deſcend; during our deſcent from the rocks, towards the foreſt, it was ſurpriſing to

ſee

ſee the immenſity of game which ſprang on all ſides of us, ſcarce a ſtep that we took, but we put up the gold, the ſilver, and the common pheaſants, the red leg'd, and the common partridge. The hares were in ſuch plenty, that my ſervant twice put his foot upon them. The number of every ſpecies of game was almoſt incredible; and without hyperbole, I believe there was not the leaſt neceſſity for a fuſeè or dogs to kill a conſiderable number of them in a very ſhort time. I am convinced that a pole, with a piece of lead ſlung to the end of it, would anſwer the end; and this I aſſert, becauſe they frequently ſprang ſo near me, that I could, I am certain, have knocked them down ſometimes even with a common walking ſtick, and this I have ſeen done more than once; but let it be obſerved, that this was in a *thick bruſh wood*, and where the aſtoniſhing numbers were but very rarely diſturbed by the haunts of men or dogs. A-propos, of game, I think our Engliſh game laws are ſo ſcandalouſly

daloufly arbitrary, *(for a free Country,)* that I am very ſorry it is not in my power to inform all the poachers in England the moſt ready method of taking the game,

One would imagine from ſome late acts, that our repreſentatives were become the greateſt deſpots upon earth, and that their only aim was to enſlave their conſtituents, and to aggrandize themſelves. I am not acquainted with any law in France, or in any other country, except England, which conſtrains a ſubject to be his own informer; neither do I recollect any law enacted more cruel *for the offence*, than that of a perſon's being liable to a penalty of 20 l. and the whole to go to the *informer*.

What is this that our humane rulers have done, but to invite the needy and abandoned to commit the crime of perjury, either for the ſake of the reward, or through the accurſed motives

of

of hatred, malice, or revenge? But what do our worthy law-givers care for the crimes or the liberties of men as long as it ſaves their hares and partridges from deſtruction.

In purſuing ſuch like hetrogeneous reflections, and digreſſions ſo foreign to my ſubject, it may be ſaid, I have forfeited my word in forſaking a reſolution which I had ſo *lately made* to the contrary; *true*, but I will anſwer in the lines of Cowley, as they contain excellent reaſons why men ſhould not engage themſelves in *reſolves* and *vows*.

" Where *honour* or where *conſcience* doth not bind,
" No other law ſhall ſhackle me;
" *Slave* to *myſelf* I ne'er will be,
" Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
" By my own preſent mind,
" Who by reſolves and vows engag'd doth ſtand,
" For days that yet belong to fate;
" Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his eſtate,
" Before it falls into his hands.

And

And ſo at the foot of the rocks we ſaw an old man and a youth hard at work in hewing and ſhaping the hard ſtones of the rock; we ſaw them ſome minutes before they perceived us, and as we were advancing towards them, I ſaw the old man caſt away the tool which he had been working with, and ſit himſelf down upon his rough work; he then ſtruck himſelf thrice upon the breaſt, then claſped his hands together, and lifted up his eyes to heaven. The youth when he perceived the ſituation of the old man, ran to him and threw his arms about his neck; the old man kiſſed him; they were in this poſture when we came up to them; the lad was endeavouring to ſooth the old man's grief; but his tears, which ran like a rapid ſtream down his young cheeks, choaked his utterance. The old man ſeemed more reſigned; he did not weep. When he perceived us, he gently puſhed the boy away from him, and reclined his hoary head upon

upon his trembling hand with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

The youth ſtood within one pace of him in a bended poſture, and watching with the greateſt attention the old man's countenance; the boy took no notice of us; we were as attentive and as ſilent as themſelves; it was one of thoſe quiet ſcenes of diſtreſs, when the heart feels more than language can expreſs. I am ſure their grief was genuine, for it was natural; great ſorrow ſtrongly marked their countenances; the working ſorrows of their hearts reached my own; I felt all the powers of ſenſibility ſtir within me; it was as quickly communicated as the rays of light from the glorious ſun; from my ſoul I pitied the old man, and from my heart I loved the little boy.

Senſibility! thou pure offspring of Goodneſs, drawn from the glorious fountain of endleſs Exiſtence! ſuffer not my heart ever to be diveſted or eſtranged from

from thy divine influence; but ever teach me with thy ſureſt judgment, that my feelings may never degenerate into weakneſs, nor my charity into oſtentation.

I will ſpeak to thee, ſaid I to myſelf, for I wiſh to be intereſted in thy diſtreſs.

My poor good old man, ſaid I, you ſeem unhappy, tell me what ſour misfortunes attend you? I am *en veritè*, replied the old man, juſt what I ſeem to be, a forlorn miſerable old man; heavy, heavy fate cruelly oppreſſes me. Then with uplifted eyes, he fetched ſuch a deep and agonizing ſigh, that it quite pierced my heart.

Well, ſaid I, if you are now unhappy, you know not how ſoon you may experience a change of fortune; as you have ſeen better days, ſo you may again; but, whatever may be your diſtreſs, ſtill let not your dependence upon a good Providence forſake you in your old

old age; endeavour to ſupport your burthen with chriſtian patience and reſignation, and you will not fail of being rewarded, if not in this world, certainly in the world to come.

I have obſerved, that very few people in diſtreſs caſt their anchors with any pleaſurable dependance upon chance, and contingent circumſtances ſet at a great diſtance. When the heart is ill at eaſe, a ray of hope ſometimes croſſes it; but it is of too light a ſubſtance to abide, when our ſufferings are ſorely preſſing on us. A poor woman to whom I gave ſome ſuch advice, in a caſe of great diſtreſs, replied, "its very "true, Sir, I may meet with my reward "at the day of judgment; but that is a "long time to look forward, when my "infants and myſelf are in the mean "time ſtarving to death". Preaching religion or philoſophy to a mind ſunk into an abyſs of miſery, is like recommending abſtinence to a ſtarving man when he be-

holds a plentiful table of choice viands which he is not allowed to touch.

The poor unhappy old man thanked me for my advice, and ſaid, that in reſpect to himſelf, he was perfectly reſigned to the will of Heaven; that he could with pleaſure lie down and die; but that it was for ſix poor grandchildren, which were deſtitute orphans, for whom he wiſhed to live; and for whom he was miſerable. *They are now ſtarving*, ſaid he. Juſt God forbid it, ſaid I, they ſhall not ſtarve!—Judge, ſaid the ſufferer, what a load of miſery I ſuſtain, and how far I can be patient and reſigned. He ſaid he had a ſon, an only ſon, whom he had brought up to his own buſineſs; that he himſelf had quited the laborious employment in his declining years; but that he might aſſiſt his ſon, who was married and had a large family, he purchaſed two horſes and a voiture, with all the money he had ſaved for the ſupport of his old age; with this voiture he got a comfortable

fortable maintenance in going once a week as a carrier to Paris.

He ſaid, that at this period he was as contented a man as any in Fontainbleau, and little did he then imagine how ſoon he ſhould become the moſt miſerable.

His ſon, he ſaid, was one day at work in getting ſome of the rock ſtones of the foreſt, when he perceived one of the ſmall deers lying down among the rocks; the poor animal was ſick, it had not ſtrength to get up. His ſon, he ſaid, was ſo touched with the condition of the deer, that he brought him home to his houſe with the humane intention of curing him, and, if his endeavours ſucceeded, to turn him into the foreſt again. He ſaid he told his ſon the great danger which attended his humanity, and they had reſolved to turn him into the foreſt again the next morning; but, alas, ſaid he, it was too late! A perſon ſaw him take the animal into the houſe, and immediately

informed againſt him. He was the ſame night torn from his wife and children, and hurried away to priſon, from whence, ſaid the poor old man, he never——never——Here he ſtopped, and paid nature a powerful tribute in a flood of tears.

He himſelf, was fined ſix hundred livres for the deer being found in his houſe, and his ſon was condemned to two years impriſonment. The poor old fellow was obliged to ſell his horſes and voiture to pay the fine; which totally deprived him of all means of ſupporting ſo large a family. His poor ſon, he ſaid, died of a broken heart before ſeven months of his impriſonment had expired; and to compleat this ſingularly cruel cataſtrophe, his wife was, in conſequence of his death, ſo ſhocked, that ſhe was inſtantly ſeized with a delirium and convulſions, and expired the next morning; and here, ſaid the mourner, am I left to bewail their loſs, and to ſupport

port ſix infants with his almoſt worn out labour. He ſaid it was too great, too much for him to ſuſtain, and he was afraid he ſhould very ſoon ſink under his complicated misfortunes.

Heaven bleſs and pity thy condition, ſaid I, my poor old man, thou haſt a full meaſure of miſery indeed; but deſpair not; for I am ſure, the Great God of Mercy will look down upon thee, and pity thee.

I would have added ſomething more; but his affecting tale of woe ſo wrung my heart, that if three words more could made the whole world believers, I could not have uttered them. I turned about to obſerve the ſituation of my companions; they were doing what nature had bid me do. I was glad to ſee it. I love a generous manly ſympathy, and deteſt the wretched affected churl, who refuſes to obey the commands of divine nature; I know but of one mode

which can *effectually* quiet the ſenſations of the diſtreſſed,—it is the ſympathiſing upon ſuch occaſions, and this very mode was adopted by us. Of all the evolutions I ever ſaw performed, this was by far the moſt ſilent, quick, and exact. The word of command was given by ſome good inviſible agent, which touched the ſtrings of our hearts at the ſame inſtant we were untying the ſtrings of our purſes. Though we were in a gloomy foreſt, and had only the bright canopy of heaven for our roof, yet I never ſaw purer devotion under the vaulted roofs of ſacred churches.

It would be ungenerous in me to deprive my reader of the pleaſure of knowing how well the old man was relieved, ſo I ſhall tell him a good part of it.

Here, ſaid my good and generous young friend to the old man, here are five Louis d'ors for thee, and may Heaven bleſs thee; and here, ſaid the benevolent

lent O'Callaghan, taking the old man by the hand, here are twelve livres; I wiſh I had more, thou ſhouldeſt *have it all!* He was going to give the poor man his benediction, which, I am ſure, was worth more than any biſhop's in *France*, but he could not get it off; he attempted again, but it would not do; and was at laſt obliged to leave him unbleſſed, though inconceivable were the number which attended his own good heart.

I would ſay how much I gave to this old ſon of miſery too, but it was ſo little, that I have ever ſince repented it was not more.

The old man's joyful ſurprize at this unexpected change of fortune, was ſo great, that he had not the power of thanking us; but perhaps he did us more ſervice when he fell upon his knees, and lifted his ſilent ſpirit up to heaven.

The charming youth followed the example of his grandfather, and in this humble poſture we left them, to purſue our way into the foreſt; we looked back from afar off, and ſaw them ſtill in the ſame poſture.

We were advanced half a league into the foreſt, and had ſeen at leaſt a thouſand ſtags &c. before one of us had opened our mouths, and I believe we ſhould have gone on another half league in the ſame ſilent mood had not our reflections been interrupted by a very novel and ſingular circumſtance. This was two wild boars attacking each other with incredible fury; they were jet black; one of them was of a monſtrous ſize, the other not ſo large, but full as reſolute; at a little diſtance from them we ſaw a ſow furiouſly tearing up the earth; as we were not above one hundred and fifty yards from them, we immediately conſulted our ſafety, not by flight, but in getting up a tree; but I know not whether there would have been

any

any danger if we had not taken this precaution, for I have been aſſured, that they never attack men or dogs unleſs they are firſt attacked themſelves.

Poor O'Callaghan would have it that we ſhould be dead men preſently if we did not climb a tree: to be ſure it was no time to argue againſt the queſtion when we were within one hundred and fifty yards of three enraged animals, eſpecially as they were ſometimes actually advancing towards us: certainly I was very well content with the ſecurity of my ſituation, for we had not been here three minutes before the fierce animals were under our tree; the ſmalleſt of them had now much the worſt of the battle, and he only made a running fight, though frequently he would turn about and attack his adverſary with aſtoniſhing reſolution.

If we had followed them I am convinced we ſhould ſoon have found the leaſt of them dead; he bled prodigiouſly at

at the throat, and his belly was ſo goared, that one of his inteſtines dragged upon the ground. The noiſe theſe animals made, and the foam which came from their monſtrous mouths, was beyond all deſcription.

The female, for whom I ſuppoſe this conteſt was, paſſed our tree two or three minutes after the boars had left it: ſhe directed her courſe after them, running as faſt as ſhe could ſcamper; I am certain no man could run ſo faſt as this animal did. We now deſcended from our ſituation and directed our courſe for Fontainbleau; it was near dark, and we did not readily find our route till we luckily came into one of the cuts which led us to the rocks; it was very ſingular, that in going through the cut we ſaw a large kind of ſheep dog paſs us: he was muzzled; after he had gone on about one hundred yards, he ſuddenly ſtopped, turned round, looked at us, and inſtantly returned the way he came from, as faſt as he could run. Upon my mention-

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ing this circumſtance to Monſieur Barbe, the maitre D'Hotel, he ſaid it was a dog belonging to the *Braconniers pour attraper du gibier, ſans avoir droit de chaſſe*, and added that it was perhaps well for us that we did not fall in with the Braconniers, for that they were very dangerous and deſperate fellows. I learnt, that notwithſtanding the many *Gardes du Chaſſe*, who are employed in the foreſt, there are poachers who deſtroy very conſiderable numbers of game, and that ſeveral *garde du chaſſes* have been killed in engaging the Braconniers; however they now never truſt themſelves alone in the foreſt, for they go in parties well armed.

I am informed that the Braconniers have the beſt bred dogs in the world; they train them ſo admirably that the animals knowledge almoſt exceeds credibility; when the Braconnier will take a ſtag, or deer, or roe-buck, or a wild boar, he goes into a certain part of the foreſt and fixes his apparatus of nets and wires, &c. he then

then muzzles his dog and ſends him off, and the Braconnier conceals himſelf near the ſpot; the dog never returns till he drives one of the animals into the ſnare, but if the dog ſees any perſon, he is taught to return without his game, and this gives notice to the Braconnier to make his eſcape.

I was told that they ſometimes hunt with a brace of theſe dogs, and that they are generally ſure of ſucceſs; if the Braconnier Anglois can profit from this hint, *tant mieux*, for I ſay again, that I wiſh them every ſucceſs till all tyrannical game laws are repealed.

The foreſt of Fontainbleau is nearly circular. Henry the Fourth made a road which circumambients the whole foreſt, beſides making many ſpacious cuts through various parts of it; this makes it very convenient for the female part of the Royal family and their attendant ladies, who generally go in carriages to the chaſe,

where

where they often ſee as much of it as the horſemen; they have always relays of horſes waiting in the foreſt; hunting carriages are light open cabrioles, hung remarkably low, and two excellent Engliſh hunters harneſſed to each, and driven by a poſtillion; in theſe carriages they frequently go at full ſpeed.

The King, whenever he finds himſelf fatigued, attends the chaſe in one of theſe cabrioles; his attendants are very numerous and have more the appearance of an army, than of ſportſmen taking the diverſion of the chaſe; they not only purſue their game, with dogs of various kinds for the different ſpecies of game, but they alſo uſe fuſſee's, ſo that the ſlaughter that they frequently make is aſtoniſhing, ſometimes a hundred ſpecies of game, for they eſtimate their ſport only from the numbers they deſtroy.

The King, though he can ſcarcely ſee two yards before him, frequently kills his

his game; but he has always an attendant nobleman with him, who tells him when to fire, and he takes care not to tell his Majeſty till the animal is almoſt under his noſe; if his Majeſty kills, he is applauded as the beſt ſhot in his dominions, and he laughs as heartily at the conceit of it as any man in his dominions.

The Queen ſometimes rallies the King about his bad ſhooting; and laſt winter actually offered to lay him a wager that ſhe would kill more game in one day than his Majeſty—to which the King replied; *Non Madame, vous aurez un antagoniſte, plus convenable dans ſix mois d'ici, je vous donnerai pour pariel un Duc de Normandie contre vous.* It muſt be obſerved, that the Queen was then with child, and has ſince been brought to bed of a ſon, who was immediately declared Duke of Normandy

The King diſlikes that the foot people ſhould attend the chace. When he meets with

with them, he commonly tells them to go home and mind their buſineſs. But his diſlike to hair dreſſers is very remarkable; and it is abſolutely true, that about three years ſince, he overtook a brace of thoſe ſons of greaſe and duſt enjoying the pleaſures of the chace, *enpied ſans Chapeau*. The King ſtopped them, and not only greeted them with a royal ſalutation of *Sacre Dieu's* and *Cocquin's*, but alſo with a royal flogging with his horſe-whip. I have been informed, that he has attacked hair dreſſers in the ſame manner ere now in the park at Verſailles. I cannot but think that this little excentricity does his Majeſty ſome honour, for ſurely thoſe race of *beings* are of all others the moſt *contemptible*, trifling, and *diſſolute*.

The taylor is a *uſeful animal*, and though he is ſaid to poſſeſs only the ninth part of a man, yet he can by no means be ſpared, as by him the nakedneſs of ſuperiour beings are covered; he is there-

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fore far more reſpectable than the hair-dreſſing animal, who, ſo far from being of the leaſt ſervice to mankind, is a moſt *intolerable evil*; beſides he is *vain*, *inſolent*, and *idle*; whereas the poor taylor is induſtrious and humble. If, from the taylor's occupation and diet, it is juſtly thought by the world, that he has degraded himſelf into the *ninth* part of a man, it may be ſaid, with equal juſtice, that the hair dreſſer is only the *nineteenth* part of a *rational creature*; for there is no doubt, but that the taylor is *ten times more uſeful*, *ten times more reſpectable*, and *ten times more honeſt than the hair dreſſer. At Paris there are ten hair dreſſers hanged and broke on the wheel to one taylor.*

I cannot deny, but that this little abſurdity might have been omitted without *any injury to a deſcription of Fontainbleau*, yet not ſo well *with mine*; for I am reſolved it ſhall be nothing but a diſh of *haché poché* of various ſeaſonings, cooked without art or regularity; and if

this *hachè pochè*, by ſuch an unſkilful hand, can be reliſhed by only a few men of *peculiar gout*, I ſhall be well content with having made the experiment. But to proceed.

There is a village about a quarter of a league from Fontainbleau, called AVON, famous only for its fine old church, built by the Firſt Philip, in the year 1314. The heart of Philip is depoſited in this church. Till the year 1687, it ſerved as a pariſh church for Fontainbleau.

On one ſide of the road going to Paris is a ſmall chapel, upon the ceiling of which is painted a man in the act of falling from his horſe; this was a favourite nobleman of Louis the XIIIth's, who was thrown from his horſe and killed when hunting with the King; his Majeſty cauſed this chapel to be erected, where a *meſſe* is ſaid once a-year for his

ſoul, and the prayers of all pious chaſſeurs and travellers are requeſted.

One league from Fontainbleau, on the other ſide of the river Seine, is a houſe called *les Preſſoirs du Roi*; it is a large pile of building of brick, very elegantly conſtructed, and now much out of repair: This houſe was built by Francis I. in many of the rooms the paintings and ornaments of his time are ſtill to be ſeen upon the ceiling and wainſcoating, but as they have long warred againſt time and damp, they are ſo injured that it was with difficulty I could trace out any of the ſubjects; enough, however, remains to prove that they were executed by maſterly hands, particularly the feaſt of the gods, Diana hunting, and the death of Eſculapius, the ſon of Apollo and Coronis.

They ſay, that what invited the King to build this lodge, was, that in hunting one day, the ſtag croſſed the river near this

this ſpot, which obliged the King to do the ſame; the poor animal, being almoſt exhauſted, ran for ſhelter into a little cottage, and was taken alive. Francis being much fatigued and thirſty, aſked for wine, which he found ſo excellent, that he bought the houſe and land belonging to it, which was at that time only eighty acres, but he afterwards cultivated four hundred acres of vine ground, and planted it with the beſt vines from Greece, and Languedoc, and other countries; he then found the ſoil ſo well adapted for the vines, that he cauſed wine to be made of them in his own lodge; and it is ſaid that he uſed to prefer it to any other wine.

What muſt have been the ſuperior excellency of thoſe vines, or the ſuperior gout of the King cannot now be determined. It is certain, however, that the wine of that country at preſent is inferior to the common thin burgundy ſold at Paris for twenty ſols per bottle;

but at the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed, that the grapes of Fontainbleau are the beſt flavored of any in France, and are ſo eſteemed in Paris, where all fine grapes are called *les raiſins de Fontainbleau.*

It is remarkable that Henry IV. ſold this lodge and vineyard to one Nicholas Jacquinot, firſt gentleman of his bedchamber; but as Jacquinot was Henry's faithful follower and ſervant, through all his various fortunes when King of Navarre contending for the throne of France, it is very poſſible, that he gave him, as a recompence, this eſtate; and to prevent all ſuſpicion and jealouſy from his partiſans, which were ſo numerous, that it was not in his Kingly power to gratify them all. It was pretended, that Monſieur Jacquinot bought this eſtate of the King, and this is the more probable, as Jacquinot left the eſtate at his death to the crown of France.

The foreſt formerly belonged to many proprietors, who, at different periods, ſold their poſſeſſions to the crown. There are yet ſeveral people who have the privilege of cutting a certain quantity of wood annually in this foreſt, together with ſome other privileges, the nature of which I could not learn, they are termed *droit d' uſage*.

The grand maſter of the waters and of the foreſt, with his lieutenant, the captains of the chace, and many other officers aſſemble every year on the firſt day of May, at a round table of ſtone, called *la Table du Roi*, which is in the foreſt, adjoining to the road leading to Paris; here they receive the fealty and hommage due to the King for certain privileges which they poſſeſs.

Numerous murders have heretofore been committed in the foreſt of Fontainbleau. Only ſix years ſince a large family was found murdered, which were

travelling through the foreſt at night; two of the King's poſt-boys were at the ſame time murdered.

The villains, ſix in number, were ſoon afterwards taken and racked alive. They confeſſed fourteen murders that they had committed. One of them uſed to put on the habit of a prieſt, to gain admittance into families, and in the night would admit his confederates.

Notwithſtanding the light cantons which the foreſt is divided into, and the vigilance of a number of *guard des Chaſſes*, and the *Marachauſſeè*, it is yet the rendevous of villians, and of moſt of the criminals who make their eſcape from juſtice in and about the environs of Paris; ſo that it is by no means ſafe at any time to make an excurſion *far* into the foreſt of Fontainbleau.

It is very near this place, that the celebrated and cruel de Montchauvet committed

mitted that abominable and wanton act of cruelty, for which he was tortured and racked alive. This devil had been an officer in the army, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in action upon many occaſions; but being convicted of plunder and cruelty, he was caſhiered the army. He was born at Toulon, and was upon his return to that city when he committed the following unparalleled and wanton act of cruelty: He was riding through the foreſt about mid-day, when he perceived, at a little diſtance from the ſide of the road, a poor tinker faſt aſleep, and near him a fire, on which was an iron laddle full of melted ſoder; the poor tinker having his mouth wide open, the cruel diſpoſition of Montchauvet promptly ſuggeſted to him, that this was an excellent opportunity for gratifying his infernal propenſity; he, therefore, we may ſuppoſe, without any debates or ſtruggles of conſcience, alighted from his horſe, and taking the ladle from the fire, poured its burning contents down the unhappy

man's throat, who conſequently ſoon expired in the moſt excruciating agonies, which, when the demon Montchauvet had fully enjoyed, he remounted his horſe and rode away much delighted with his adventure; but happily the wretch was not to enjoy it long: A poor old woman who had been picking ſticks in the foreſt, was witneſs to the dreadful ſcene, and fortunately concealed herſelf from his ſight. As ſhe was returning home, ſhe luckily met with a party of the Marachaſſeè, who were as uſual patroling the roads; to them ſhe related what ſhe had ſeen; they inſtantly purſued him, and in leſs than three hours the villain was taken.

When the diabolical wretch was receiving the moſt dreadful tortures ſo juſtly due for his atrocious crime, he burſt out into a loud laugh; the executioner, much aſtoniſhed, aſked him what it was that could poſſibly delight him at ſuch an awful period? He replied,

that

that if his tortures were to be ten times as ſevere as they then were, he could not forbear laughing at the recollection of the convulſions, and droll faces which the tinker made when he poured the lead down his throat.

I have given this horrid relation only, becauſe it happened in a place I have been deſcribing, not that I am of opinion, that the flagitious crimes of ſuch hardened wretches ſhould be recorded; no, they ought, if poſſible, to be obliterated from all human remembrance.

I think the relating of them tends more to the promotion of vice or miſanthropy, than they do to virtue or philanthropy.

Fontainbleau and its neighbouring villages are governed by a provoſt á commiſſary, civil and criminal, a King's procureur, and a regiſter.

Provi-

Proviſions at Fontainbleau are cheaper than at Paris; beef, mutton, veal, and pork at ſix ſols per pound; excellent poulards at fifty ſols a piece, a hare, twenty ſols; a turkey, thirty ſols; a gooſe, twenty-four ſols; a pig, forty-eight ſols; and exceeding fine butter at ſixteen ſols per pound.

I bought a baſket of as fine grapes as any in France, containing about two pecks, for thirty-eight ſols.

Having with much difficulty procured a wretched voiture, we ſet off *a la poſte* for Paris, and had the pleaſure of hunting with Monſieur le Compte d'Artois one third of the way to Paris. Singular as this appears, it was really ſo, for the Compte on that day took the diverſion of the chace for the firſt time in the ſeaſon, attended by his whole ſuite, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen.

The

The animating cry of ſixty couple of hounds re-echoing their ſhrill tones from various parts of the foreſt; the number of French horns continually ſaluting the ear; the many fine ſpirited horſes, richly capariſoned, galloping on every ſide; the relays of horſes and hunting cabrioles thickly ſtationed upon the road and in the foreſt; the multiplicity of ſtags, deers, and wild boars flying from their eager purſuits, whilſt grey hounds, and bull-dogs ready to be let looſe when the wild boars croſſed the road, altogether rendered the ſcene novel, cheerful, and delightful.

However, on the other hand, I know not what real pleaſure the Chaſſeurs can have in the chace, as keen hunters deſirous of keeping with the hounds, ſince rarely any of them come in at the death, owing to their paſſing through an almoſt labyrinth of wood, and from the vaſt plenty of game the dogs frequently purſue different ways. Thus the Chaſſeurs are ſoon bewildered and ſeparated from each other; ſome

ſome loſe their way, others follow the diſtant cry of the dogs, while many give up all thoughts of a fruitleſs purſuit, and vainly prance about the roads, aſking every one that they meet *par où les levriers ſont allez, les avez vous vu.—Avez vous vu le Roy.*

I met many Chaſſeurs upon the road ten or twelve miles diſtant from that part of the foreſt where I firſt ſaw the hounds, which by that time were probably twenty miles off. I am therefore pretty well convinced, that their vanity leads them to the chace more than any real enjoyment they have in it. They are highly gratified in ſhowing their horſes*, and their fine ſaddles covered with embroidered crimſon velvet, their numerous attendants, each with their horns, in ſplended liveries, and themſelves not unfre-

* Moſt of them are Engliſh, of the beſt breed, though they are not much improved as hunters from French *ménage*.

quently

quently in full trimed ſuits of cloaths*; their feet in full length ſtirrups, and as erect and as ſtiff as when they exhibit upon a dreſſed horſe in a riding ſchool.

The greateſt part of theſe heroes of the chace are far more rejoiced at the finiſhing their diverſion, than at the commencement of it; and then remains the triumph; they return home half dead with fatigue, and for many months after relate, with the higheſt ſatisfaction to their miſtreſſes and companions, their aſtoniſhing feats of hardineſs and active horſemanſhip; of their many "hair-breadth "'ſcapes in flood and field," and with all the wonderful adventures of the chace.

We now arrived at Paris without encountering any further adventure, only at the Barrier, they obliged me to make

* This is not ſo common as a few years ſince, they equip themſelves more in the Engliſh mode, though it is but a very awkward imitation.

the

the Grand Monarch a preſent of ſeven ſols and a half for moſt graciouſly permitting me to take my baſket of grapes into Paris.

We are (ſaid my friend) a little more polite and liberal to ſtrangers in England; we erect no barriers there except againſt *deſpotiſm*; no, replied I, nor erect trophies to perpetuate ſlavery.

We were at that moment paſſing under the Triumphal Arch, in honour of Louis XIV. in the Rue St. Denis.

THE

HISTORY

OF

MADEMOISELLE LONGVILLIÈ.

His lacrymis vitam damus et miſereſcimus ultro.
VIRGIL.

PARIS, Feb. 8, 1786.

THE other day I met with the following ſingular adventure: As I was taking a walk in the *Champs Eliſées*, I thought I heard the lamentations of a female voice in a retired part of the grove. I attentively liſtened and advanced to the ſound, and preſently beheld a

a young

a young woman leaning againſt a tree, which ſhe would frequently beat her head againſt. She had neither hat or cap upon her head, and her long hair flowed in a diſhevelled ſtate; her dreſs was a faſhionable and elegant chemiſe; 'twas eaſy to diſcover in her perſon, and even in the very conduct of her diſtreſs, ſomething far ſuperior to the *bas peuple* or to the *filles de joie* of Paris; ſhe appeared in great agony of mind, and wept bitterly: As I was advancing towards her ſhe perceived me, and immediately began to ſhun me by flight; but ſhe had not run many paces before her ſtrength failed her; ſhe fell with conſiderable violence; but before ſhe could get up again I came up to her, and raiſed her from the ground. Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, *Je vous rend mille graces, mais laiſſer moi*, and directly attempted to renew her flight; but I caught hold of her, and entreated her to hear me,—"No," ſaid ſhe, "ſtranger, "you can be of no ſervice to me, and "the greateſt good you can do me, is to

"let

" let me go, and leave me to my fate." I interrupted her, and ſaid, if it's poſſible I will be of ſervice to you, and endeavour to alleviate your diſtreſs; tell me what ſad fate has brought you here? She replied, " No, Sir, you only want to ſa-" tisfy an idle curioſity, and my diſtreſs " and miſery are too great to hope for an " effectual relief from any ſtranger, for " I am undone, paſt all relief." She therefore perſiſted in her reſolution of my leaving the place. I replied, that my motive for queſtioning her was very far from gratifying an idle curioſity, that her diſtreſs was very obvious, and that, as a man and a Chriſtian, I felt for her unhappy ſituation, and had no doubt but that I ſhould be able to bring her ſome relief if ſhe would permit me.

Whilſt I was waiting for a reply, ſhe ſent forth ſeveral deep ſighs, and fainted away. I perceived her falling, and caught her in my arms. This

was a moſt untoward circumſtance; for while I held her in that ſituation, I could uſe no means for her recovery. In vain did I exert my lungs for the aid of ſome paſſenger; none heard or knew where to find me. I had now ſupported her in my arms at leaſt ten minutes; ſhe was pale and quite motionleſs. Reflecting, therefore, that it was neceſſary ſomething ſhould be attempted for her recovery without loſs of time, I laid her gently upon the ground, her head reclining upon the root of a tree, whereon I alſo placed my hat.

I had now none of the common means to apply upon ſuch occaſions, as water, ſmelling ſalts, &c. all I could do was to chaff her temples and rub her hands, which were as cold as death: This I continued without the leaſt effect for ſome minutes, and finding that ſhe was ſtill motionleſs, I began to fear that ſhe was really dead. I was not unmindful at the ſame time of the delicacy, and even the danger of my own ſituation.

ſituation. I reflected, that my detaining her might be the cauſe of her fainting; and alſo, that if ſhe was really dead, and I was to be ſeen coming from the ſpot, or had been watched, I might have been taken up on ſuſpicion of having murdered her. However, ſtill being more intent upon ſaving the poor girl's life, than of any great apprehenſions of my own danger, I again attempted her relief, and it was happily crowned with ſucceſs. I conſidered, that if I left her to procure any aſſiſtance, the diſtance was ſo great, that if life was now in her, there ſeemed to me but little probability of any remaining at my return; I therefore fortunately thought of ſearching her pockets in hopes of finding a ſmelling bottle, *and it ſucceeded.*

Had I been ſurpriſed in the act of ſearching her pockets, and ſhe had been actually dead, two things at that time certainly probable, I ſhould have been conducted to the Chatelet, and muſt have ſtood a trial for

my life. The bottle I. found in her pocket was ſal volatilè; I at firſt applied it to her noſe, but without effect; I then poured a few drops down her throat, which almoſt inſtantly revived her, tho' attended with very ſtrong convulſions. Upon her recovering, ſhe looked wild and amazed, and aſked me what place ſhe was in, and who I was? I replied, you are in the Champs Eliſeès, and I a ſtranger who have happily found you; come with me and let me learn your ſtory; I will ſympathize with you in your grief, and endeavour to relieve your neceſſities. She now recollected herſelf, and ſaid, "Ah, ſtranger! it would be ingratitude "in me not to thank you for your well "meant offices; yet I cannot but wiſh "that you had not found me, for I doubt "not, but that in a few minutes, all my "grief and miſery would have been at "an end, and inſtead of being a miſerable "wretch in theſe terreſtrial Champs "Eliſeès, I might have been in the bleſt "abodes of happy ſpirits, the *Champs*

"*Eliſeès*

" *Eliſeès immortels*; but, added ſhe, ſince " your humanity obliges you to offer " your ſervices to me, and you have ta- " ken ſuch pains to ſave me, I will con- " ſent to be guided by your advice, lead " me whither you pleaſe, and you ſhall " hear my ſtory." I raiſed her from the ground, but ſhe was too weak to ſtand without ſupport; however, with great exertion we reached the grand Avenue. A Fiarcre luckily paſſed the moment we got there; in this we got. I deſired the coachman to ſtop at the firſt *traiteur's*; he ſoon drove us to a very good one, near the *Porte Royale* in the *petit Auguſtines*.

Here I got the unhappy girl ſome refreſhment; which, as ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed, her ſpirits and her countenance recovered. Her ſpirits which, like the troubled and agitated ſea, had been toſſed to and fro, were now changed to a ſmooth and gentle calm; her countenance, which, like the glori-

ous ſun, whoſe beauty and ſplendor is ſometimes obſcured in the midſt of dark and heavy clouds, was now changed; the rays of the moſt lovely beauty and complaiſance now ſhown upon her countenance.

If I before pitied her diſtreſs, I could now at *leaſt admire her beauty*; I had not ſeen ſo much lovelineſs, expreſſion, and goodneſs, united in a countenance ſince I had been in France; ſhe was delicately and elegantly ſhaped, and rather above the middle ſize, but made with the moſt exact ſymmetry of proportion; her hair was of a beautiful brown, her eyes black, quick, and ſparkling; her eye laſhes remarkably long and arched; her countenance uncommonly animated, yet an apparent innocence beamed through it; ſhe had teeth like the pureſt ivory; her mouth was neither too large nor too ſmall; her lips like the pureſt coral; her noſe was properly inclined to the acquiline; in ſhort

every

every feature of this lovely unfortunate was a perfect model of perfection and beauty, and what particularly pleaſed me was, that ſhe uſed no paint; indeed ſhe wanted no unnatural aid to improve the moſt beautiful combination of lilies and roſes that bounteous nature ever arranged together; yet her rejecting the faſhionable, but injurious cuſtom of painting or bedaubing, which is practiſed from the queen down to the meaneſt woman in Paris, certainly was a proof of her judgment, ſenſe, and virtue; for I cannot avoid being of opinion, (and if it be illiberal, I am ſorry for it,) that the generality of women who *paint have very light minds*, and by far the greateſt part of them would be found *no better than they ſhould be*.

But to return to the ſtory of my poor girl. When I found that her ſpirits were ſomewhat recovered, and her mind much more compoſed, I deſired her to favour me with her ſtory, that I might be able

to judge what might beſt be done in her ſituation; ſhe replied with inexpreſſible ſweetneſs and affability, that "I "might command her in any thing I "thought proper; for that ſince I had "ſaved her from death, ſhe ſhould conſi-"der me as her deareſt friend, her fa-"ther and protector." Theſe words ſhe uttered with ſo much ardour and feeling, that the tears ſtarted from my eyes; I roſe and claſp'd the grateful angel in my arms, with the ſame gentle fondneſs a father would his child: She ſoon began her ſtory.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, my hiſtory is long and unfortunate; you ſhall know the cauſe of my preſent miſeries; but my feelings are ſtill too much agitated to enter into minute particulars. I was born at Lyons: my father was a ſilk manufacturer, and by his induſtry ſaved money enough to purchaſe him an eſtate, which conſiſted of vineyards in the neighbourhood of Lyons. He made his own wine, which,

which, by his good management brought him in eighteen thouſand livres *per annum*. In a few years he ſaved ſo much that he gave my eldeſt ſiſter fifty thouſand livres for her marriage portion, and promiſed her as much more upon his death. I am by ſeveral years the youngeſt of two ſiſters. They had received their education by the time I went to receive mine, which was at the great convent of St. Catharine's in Lyons. Here I continued till I was eighteen years of age, and had gone through all the uſual accompliſhments which they ſo eminently give at that convent. My father and my two ſiſters had only been to ſee me twice ſince I had been there. I forgot to tell you that my dear mother unfortunately died when I was an infant; but my aunt, my mother's ſiſter, reſided at Lyons, and well ſupplied her place.

This excellent woman uſed often to viſit me in the convent; and whenever they would permit me to go out

out of it, which was only three times in a year, my aunt always took me to her houſe. I often mentioned to her the unkindneſs of my father and ſiſters, in not coming to ſee me; but my aunt always attributed this neglect to other motives than that of any diſlike which my father and ſiſters had for me, and that it was very poſſibly meant for my benefit, that I ſhould have no interruption in my ſtudies; and, added my aunt, as you have never offended your father or your ſiſters, and have alſo the reputation of being one of the moſt amiable and accompliſhed girls in the convent, (and of this the Lady Abeſſe has often aſſured me,) I ſay it is injurious to your friends to hold ſuch an unfavourable opinion of their affection towards you.

To this I replied, my dear aunt, I believe you know my diſpoſition ſo well, that it will be unneceſſary for me to enter into any queſtion concerning the

the ſincere affection I have for my friends; I would not for the univerſe wrong them ſo much, even as to hold an unworthy thought of them; to my father I have ever ſhown my duty as far as it was in my power, by obeying him in all things with pleaſure and chearfulneſs even in his ſtricteſt commands; I have ſtudied day and night for the more ſpeedy accompliſhing that which he wiſhed me to learn; this, my dear aunt, as you well know, every religeus in the convent can teſtify; as to my ſiſters, I have ever proved to them my moſt ſincere love and affection, and have always been ready to pay them the deference due to them as my elder ſiſters; yet notwithſtanding theſe truths, I am ſure I am treated as though I had done every thing to diſpleaſe them; twice only have they ſeen me ſince I have been in the convent, and never once been home; neither have I ever received one line from them, and it is now three years ſince they

they came hither; I am now turned of eighteen; I have finiſhed my education.

The Lady Abbeſſe has more than ſix months ſince wrote to my father, to tell him this, and that it was time to take me away, yet ſhe has not received an anſwer; can you then, be ſurpriſed at my ſuſpicions and diſcontent; I long to quit the confinement of a convent, which is now become hateful to me; I wiſh to enjoy the ſociety of my friends; and, in ſhort, till I have my liberty, I ſhall be unhappy, I ſhall be wretched; tell me then, my dear aunt, my mother! tell me what I ſhall do? My aunt attended to all this very ſeriouſly, and then replied, my dear child, I confeſs it is very natural for you to have ſuch ſentiments; I will even aſſent to the juſtice of your holding ſuch opinions, and ſuch ſuſpicions; yet I have no doubt but that they will vaniſh, and that your ſorrow may be ſoon turned into joy. We will each of us write the moſt reſ-

pectful

pectful and affectionate letter to your father, and we will point out to him the neceſſity and propriety of taking you home; and I will anſwer for it, that he will attend to our arguments.

I was delighted with this expedient, and with my aunt's generoſity and affectionate feeling for me, in thus interfering in my behalf, and in acknowledging the juſtice of my diſcontent. We, therefore, immediately ſat down and wrote two letters; they were written with the greateſt caution, leſt a word ſhould offend my father. I am ſure, that my letter was penned with the greateſt affection and duty, with mild entreaties, and with moſt gentle perſuaſion. My aunt now aſſured me that ſhe had not a doubt but that the next poſt would bring me the moſt happy news. I embraced her, and flew to the convent in higher ſpirits than I ever before found myſelf in; little did I think how ſoon all my imaginary joy would be changed into real miſery, and

that

that the unhappineſs of this day, which you was witneſs to, was in conſequence of the anſwer which I received to that letter, on which I put ſo much dependance.

But to proceed: I had waited ſeveral days with the utmoſt impatience in expectation of a letter from my father. Sometimes I was diſtracted through fear, at other times I was elated with joy, ſo that, during this uncertainty, my mind was ſo much agitated, that I was ſcarce myſelf, and for the laſt two nights I had not cloſed my eyes. At length the day arrived which was either to make me happy or miſerable in this world. It was after dinner when the Lady Abbeſſe ſent for me.

Mademoiſelle Longvillieè, ſaid the old Abbeſſe, I have received a letter from your father; he is very angry with you; you have much offended him in preſuming

ing

ing to point out what he ought to do; and let me tell you, Mademoiſelle, that you have behaved very unworthily and undutifully towards him. He deſired me to inform you, that he has deſigned you for a religieuſe, and that unleſs you comply with this his command, you will for ever forfeit his love and affection. Would you offend a worthy and affectionate parent? No; rather die than commit ſo dreadful an offence. But I would not have you a religieuſe againſt your conſent; no, not for the world! yet this I am bound in duty to aſſure you, that unleſs you become ſuch, you will certainly be damned; for diſobedient children can never inherit the kingdom of God. I cannot oblige you to renounce the vanities of this world, nor can your father force you to become one of the bleſſed in the houſe of God; yet he charges me to aſſure you, that he has it in his power to inſiſt on your ſtaying in this convent as a penſioner, as long as you live, and that he is determined to enforce

force that will, unleſs the *bon Dieu*, in his mercy, ſhould ſo change your heart as to make that force unneceſſary.

Your father further deſires me not to permit you to ſtir out of this convent, nor by any means to permit that *wicked woman*, your *aunt*, to viſit you. He ſays he will never ſee your face till you have taken the veil, which, as ſoon as you have done, your father and your ſiſters will immediately come and ſee you, and will receive you with all affection. She then added, go, go to your confeſſor, confeſs your ſins; deſire his prayers and good counſel to be made a bleſſed ſaint, and to inherit eternal life. Come to me to-morrow, and let me hear what you have to ſay in anſwer. I only replied, permit me, Madame, to have three days, and then I hope to give you a definitive anſwer, and to this ſhe aſſented. I then left her, and not in ſuch an agony of mind

mind as you would ſuppoſe from my ſituation.

There are circumſtances wherein the mind is in ſome meaſure compoſed *from deſpair*; ſuch a ſituation was mine. I felt myſelf collected more than I had been for ſome time. I panted for liberty, and was determined to get it, though I might purchaſe it dearly. The firſt ſtep I took was to acquaint my aunt with the reſolution of my father. The anſwer given by her was, that ſhe pitied, ſhe felt for my ſituation, but that ſhe could not relieve me. My father had laid the ſevereſt injunction on her, even to proſecution, if ſhe dared to receive me. I had now no alternative left, but to become a religieuſe, or to make my eſcape from the convent. I had an intimate friend in it who was a penſioner, and to her I imparted my grief. She was a girl of ſenſe and ſpirit.

She immediately adviſed me by no means to become a nun; for, ſaid ſhe, you well know there are very few of them but repent taking the veil, and you ſee what miſerable lives they lead, and what jarring and contention always reign amongſt them; no, you ſhall not become one of the cloiſtered drones of this houſe; I will aſſiſt you in making your eſcape; and I well this inſtant haſten with the good news to my couſin, de la Grave, of whom I have ſo often told you, and who you will know is diſtractedly in love with you; I know he will think it the happieſt moment of his life to make you his wife; conſent, conſent to this, my dear Longvilliee, and this night you ſhall have your liberty, and my couſin what he deſires.

To this I replied, that "I was not in-
"ſenſible of the honour which her couſin,
"Captain le Grave, had done me by his
"partiality towards me, and he claims
"my thanks for ſeveral handſome letters

" which I have received from him, none " of which I ever anſwered, for I never " had an idea of taking ſuch a ſerious " ſtep without the conſent of my father; " beſides, attachments at firſt ſight are " always raiſed upon improper and ſhal- " low foundations. I have never ſeen " your couſin but twice, and very little " converſation then paſſed between us, " ſo that he can neither ſufficiently know " me, nor I him. In ſuch circumſtances, " therefore, we may be very wretched " in deceiving each other, and it would " be extremely imprudent to riſque it; " for though I moſt ardently wiſh to " make my eſcape from theſe hateful " walls, yet I have no idea of perform- " ing it in the manner you propoſe."

My volatile little friend thus anſwered: All that you have ſaid only convinces me that you love my couſin, and that you wiſhed to have been prudent and dutiful if your friends had been humane and affectionate. Well, but as you find

that is not the caſe, make this ſtep a caſe of neceſſity, and if there is any blame, it muſt reſt upon your father. As for the probability of your not being happy, from not thoroughly knowing each other, I truſt I can ſatisfy you both in that particular: Have I not known you nine years? Has there ever been a thought diſguiſed from each other? I know you are accompliſhed, beautiful, and amiable, and you have a warm and tender heart, from whence nothing but purity and goodneſs flow. Now, this I have often told la Grave. Can he then be diſappointed? No, its impoſſible whilſt virtue has a name! Well, as to my couſin, I have known him all my life; he is handſome, generous, and brave; he has good ſenſe and wit, with a competent fortune and large expectations. I will anſwer for his making you happy.

Now, my charming friend, what can you ſay againſt all this? I bluſhed, I ſighed, and after much heſitation, in a conflict of contending

contending paſſions, I told her, that ſhe knew I had the ſincereſt friendſhip for her, and that I conſented to be governed by her diſcretion and prudence in the moſt important concern of my life. She embraced me, and aſſured me that ſhe would not adviſe me to this ſtep, were ſhe not aſſured we ſhould be happy. I will this inſtant wait upon the Abbeſſe, and obtain permiſſion to go into the town; I ſhall then directly go to my couſin's and acquaint him with the happy news; you ſhall ſee me again in two or three hours; I will acquaint you how we mean to effect your eſcape this night, and in the mean time go and pack up your cloaths, and I will go ſtraight to the Lady Abbeſſe.

She then left me. I retired in a tumult of diſorder to my chamber: I had then ſuch a conflict of paſſions between duty, liberty, and love, that I was not myſelf when my friend returned, which was about three hours

after ſhe left me; ſhe found me upon the bed in the greateſt diſorder. My dear Longvillieè, ſaid ſhe, what is the matter? For God's ſake get up; I thought you more reſolved; you ſay, and I know you to be unhappy, and yet you will not uſe the means to render yourſelf at once free and happy, and at the ſame time to make him, who loves you, ſo. How ungrateful are you for what I have now been doing for you.

My couſin embraced with tranſport the news I brought him, and is at this moment contriving the means of your eſcape. He will be at twelve o'clock this night, waiting for you ten yards below the leſſer gate-way of the great orchard, with a ladder of ropes to mount the wall, and he will have a carriage and ſix horſes waiting for you under the wall. I replied, that I found myſelf ſo ill and ſo much confuſed, that I did not think myſelf capable of undertaking ſuch an expedition, and begg'd,

begg'd, for Heaven's ſake, that ſhe would not think of ſuch a plan. Very well, ſaid ſhe, if that is the caſe, you don't deſerve either friendſhip, love, or pity; and from your folly, inconſtancy, and want of reſolution, you have ungratefully made my couſin and myſelf your dupes and fools; but from henceforth I renounce all friendſhip with you, ſo for ever adieu!

As ſhe pronounced this laſt word ſhe burſt into tears, and was leaving my apartment; but I run to her and threw my hands round her neck, and in the utmoſt anguiſh of heart, I ſaid, Oh! my dear Jannette, for Heaven's ſake do not forſake me! I am wretched indeed, and the full meaſure of my misfortunes would be then compleated! no, my dear Jannette, I could never ſurvive the forfeiture of your love; my affection is too deeply rooted in my heart ever to give you offence. Oh, return to be my guide and my comforter! forget not the

ſacred friendſhip that has ſo long ſubſiſted between us! I own I am wrong, I am aſhamed of my weakneſs, in wavering upon a ſubject which I was ſo lately reſolved upon; but ſince you aſſure me I have nothing to fear from the honour of your couſin, and that he will make me his wife, I aſſent, and will willingly accompany him; but whither are we to go? That's my charming Longvillieè, ſaid my friend, now I love you; I will not leave you, but fly with you; we will go to Paris where I will ſee you married. Now go, my dear Longvillieè, ſaid ſhe, and pack up as many cloaths as you can conveniently take with you, whilſt I will do the ſame for myſelf.—I now found myſelf in tolerable ſpirits, as I had no doubt of the honour of Captain de la Grave, and my lively friend Janette was to go with us; I therefore went chearfully to work to put my wild ſcheme into execution.

When

When I had packed up all my things, my friend came into my room, and propoſed, that as it was now dark, it would be better for us to carry our cloaths into the orchard, there to hide them againſt the time of our eſcape; but to prevent any ſuſpicion or detection, we agreed to throw them firſt out of my window, which looked into the garden, and then to go down and convey them into the orchard; therefore, without the leaſt reflection of the conſequence, we inconſiderately threw them into the garden; but no ſooner had I thrown the laſt bundle out of the window, but my friend cried out, oh, good God! what have we done? My dear Longvillieè, forgive me for being the cauſe of much diſtreſs to both of us! I forgot that I had heard the Lady Abeſſe this day order the garden door to be locked every afternoon, and the key brought to her! We were both in much confuſion at this, and immediately ran down ſtairs in hopes that we might find the order neglected; but, alas!

alas! to our great chagrin, it proved not ſo; the door was faſt, and the wall was much too high for us to climb.

This was a very mortifying diſappointment; but it ſerved to ſtrengthen our reſolution of eſcaping; as it became now a deſperate caſe of neceſſity, there was no receding; but we had yet another grand coup to make before we could effect our eſcape; for we could not get into the cloiſters, which leads into the orchard, till the nuns went to their twelve o'clock prayers, and then we ſhould be almoſt certain of meeting ſome of them. However, as ſoon as the chapel bell rang, we left our apartment and proceeded down the ſtairs; my friend Jannette with ſuch precipitation, that ſhe fell over a poor old lame nun, whoſe candle, fortunately for us, happened to go out; the poor nun cried out moſt lamentably loud that her leg was broke; I believe the convent was very ſoon in great confuſion, for we heard them aſſembling from all parts; but

but we got into the cloiſters, and from thence into the orchard before any explanation could take place.

When we arrived at the appointed place, we found the ladder of ropes ready for us, de la Grave upon the wall, where, he told us, he had been waiting with anxious expectation for half an hour. We loſt no time in mounting our ladder, and very ſoon got ſafe into the carriage, which waited for us at ſome diſtance from the wall. But to make my ſtory as ſhort as poſſible, we arrived in Paris early on the third morning, after travelling night and day; but I was ſo exhauſted from fatigue and want of ſleep, that I was obliged to keep my bed for ſome days after our arrival. In the mean time de la Grave hired an elegant ready furniſhed lodging, for ſix months, in the Rue de St. P—— to which we went a week after our arrival. Our next ſtep was to get married; and in this, oh! unhappy me, we were diſappointed!

and

and from this is the cauſe of my preſent wretchedneſs. The prieſts refuſed to marry us becauſe I was not of age, and had not the conſent of my father.

We then determined to try how far poſſible it was to get the better of this objection; we got permiſſion to wait upon the Archbiſhop of Paris, and we reſolved to relate to him our ſtory, without diminiſhing any of the circumſtances relative thereto. He received us with politeneſs and affability, and heard our ſtory with patience and humanity. Young people, ſaid he, I cannot commend the ſtep you have taken; 'twas wrong, 'twas raſh, and undutiful; though I will at the ſame time make all due allowance for the diſlike you had for your ſituation in the convent, and for the want of conſideration in your parent preſſing you to become a religieuſe againſt your will; your youth and inexperience, ſaid the good Archbiſhop, claims my pity and attention, and I ſuppoſe, your beauty and accompliſhments

pliſhments claimed the pity and attention of this young gentleman; who, no doubt has ſo much pity, that he thought it a very holy and pious fraud to rob a convent of a part of its moſt valuable treaſure.

This was politely and archly expreſſed by the Archbiſhop, who ſmiled whilſt we bluſhed and bowed. But, added he, in ſuch a caſe, it grieves me, that it is not in my power to make you happy immediately; for it is expreſsly againſt one of our canons, which, as I am bound by oath to obſerve, it is impoſſible for me to break through; however, you ſhall have all the advice and aſſiſtance I can give you: I will write your father a letter, and adviſe him to give his conſent. We returned our moſt ſincere and grateful thanks to the Archbiſhop for his goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and then took leave of this generous and liberal man after we had given him our addreſs, and he promiſed to inform

form us of his ſucceſs. We returned home in high ſpirits, not doubting but a few days would make us happy. But on the eleventh day, all our expectations were deſtroyed at one blow.

We received a letter from the Archbiſhop, informing us, that he had juſt received a letter from my father, informing him, that he would neither give his conſent to my marriage, nor would he ever ſee my face again. The Archbiſhop, therefore, adviſed me to put myſelf into a convent, and there remain till I was of age, and he would then grant me a licence for our marriage. All this was horrible news for me; I was ſo ſhocked with my ſituation, that I knew not what I did for ſome days.

When I grew more compoſed I began to reflect ſeriouſly upon the ſituation, which my own imprudence had led me into; upon deliberation, I found there

there was no honourable alternative left me, but to follow the good Archbiſhop's advice, to throw myſelf into a convent; and this I determined upon, and preſently acquainted Captain de la Grave and my little friend with my reſolution, when to my great ſurpriſe, they both oppoſed it, and la Grave ſo ſtrongly, that he ſwore he would deſtroy himſelf if I put ſuch an idea into execution, for he could not live without me; my friend Jannette alſo made uſe of every perſuaſion for us to live together in Paris till I was of age.

To end my ſtory as quickly as poſſible, after many arguments and perſuaſions, I at length conſented, but not to my guilt; no, that was effected in an unguarded moment, when my ſenſes were bewildered with the exceſs of love and fondneſs he ſhewed me, and the ſincere affection I had for him. My appearance, Sir, (ſaid ſhe,) but too unhappily ſhows the conſequen-

ces

ces of my imprudence; It was a load of miſery then too much to ſuſtain, but little did I ſuſpect that it could be multiplied by him, who had been the cauſe of it; no, though I ſaw ſufficient for the jealous to have ſtrong ſuſpicions, yet my heart would not let me harbour any unworthy thought of the man I adored, and of my friend whom I loved and eſteemed, till the fatal unexpected ſhock arrived, which deprived me of my ſenſes and drove me to deſpair.

This morning de la Grave made a pretence of getting up much earlier than uſual, but deſired me to reſt till my uſual time. I could have no reaſon for ſuſpicion ſince we had not the leaſt previous diſſention, and his manners this morning were as uſual eaſy and good humoured, and he even expreſſed many affectionate ſentiments towards me; there was no appearance of the ſmalleſt embarraſſment, except that I now recollect his going out of the room and returning three or four times,

times, and as often attentively looked upon me, and the laſt time upon his going out, he was muttering ſomething to himſelf, and ſaid in a low faultering voice, adieu, adieu! but I paid ſo little attention to theſe circumſtances, that I preſently fell aſleep, and did not wake till after ten o'clock.

I immediately rang the bell for my fille de chambre, which I repeated frequently without any perſon's appearing; this I thought extremely ſtrange, yet ſuppoſing they were gone out upon ſome affairs of the houſe, I dreſſed myſelf, ſtill having no ſuſpicion till I came down ſtairs, when I beheld every thing in the room in the greateſt confuſion, and a letter upon a table addreſſed to me. On haſtily peruſing the letter, oh, *grand Dieu!* what were my ſenſations, upon reading that de la Grave and his couſin had left me, and had taken all the ſervants. This letter was written by my falſe friend, the cruel Jannette, who had the

audacity to inſult me for my imprudence with her couſin; ſhe added, that Captain de la Grave had no money for me, and that I might procure enough by my *talents* to enable me to return to Lyons; and then cruelly added, that ſhe had no doubt but that method would be moſt agreeable and congenial to a girl of my nature and diſpoſition.

Oh, Heavens! Sir, (ſaid the charming unfortunate,) if you have place extenſive enough in your ſoul to form myriads of ideas of my ſufferings and ſenſations, oh, give it room! my ſoul, from a plenitude of anguiſh and deſpair was overwhelmed; deſtruction appeared to have its utmoſt force; there was not ſpace for the moſt ſhadowy idea of comfort to enter into my ſoul; all was horror, darkneſs and confuſion; I raved, I tore my hair, I fainted, and in one interval I determined to deſtroy myſelf; with this reſolution I ran out of the houſe, ſcarce knowing

knowing whither I went or what I was doing, till kind fate ſent you to ſave me from adding the crime of ſuicide to thoſe I had already committed. Here a ſuffuſion of tears ended her hiſtory; I am ſure they were the genuine tears of repentance and grief, as I am alſo certain the abundance of mine were from a ſympathy which I had never ſo ſtrongly felt before in all the misfortunes which I had ever witneſſed.

To finiſh the ſhare I had in this hiſtory with conciſeneſs, after much conſideration and reflection upon her very peculiar and cruel caſe, I determined to take her to the hotel de Y—k, in the Rue Jacobe, as there were ſeveral of my acquaintances at that time in the houſe, particularly my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. C—— a gentleman well known in the literary world, but better known for his philanthropy and humanity, in taking every opportunity of relieving and protecting the unfortunate. To the hotel de Y—k then I

brought my lovely diſtreſſed; I immediately related the caſe to Madame F—— the miſtreſs of the hotel, and aſſured her that I would be anſwerable for every expence if ſhe would have the goodneſs to receive her.

Madame F— is a very good woman, but experience has made her ſuſpicious, and her heſitation was only the conſequence of a prudent and virtuous caution. I ſaw her embarraſſment, and relieved it by the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of her being miſtaken. Upon this Madame F—— ſaid ſhe would receive her with pleaſure, and would take all poſſible care of her; and to do her humanity juſtice, ſhe ſtrictly kept her word. After conducting the Lady to her apartment, ſhe complained of being extremely ill, and deſired to go to bed immediately. I apprehended what would be the conſequence, and communicated my ſuſpicions to Madame F——, and deſired her to ſend for a ſage femme, and every neceſſary aſſiſtance. I then took my leave, after

aſſuring her I would be with her early the next morning.

I now waited upon Mr. and Mrs. C—— and related to them my adventure. I had no doubt of their full aſſiſtance, and I was not diſapointed; they deſired me to come and dine with them the next day, as it happened very fortunately that they had invited a very large company to dinner; I readily embraced the propoſal, but begged the favour of Mr. C—— to accompany me to the houſe which de la Grave had lived in, that we might be enabled to learn ſomething farther concerning this extraordinary affair. Mr. C—— very obligingly conſented to this, and obſerved, that the meaſure was abſolutely neceſſary, to know the truth of the ſtory before any effectual ſtep could be taken for her relief. We, therefore, ſet out for the Rue de St. P— which was at the other end of the town. Upon our arrival in this ſtreet, we were much ſurpriſed at finding

it one of the meaneſt ſtreets in Paris, and all the houſes occupied by the loweſt tradeſmen. Mr. C—— obſerved, ſurely this cannot be the ſtreet, you muſt either have miſtaken the ſtreet, or elſe you have been impoſed upon by this girl.—No, ſaid I, it cannot be that I have miſtaken the ſtreet, for I carefully put it down; nor can I give way to any ſuſpicion that I am impoſed upon; I will inquire at this Fripier's.—Is not this the Rue de St. P—, ſaid I, Monſieur Fripier? *Oui Monſieur*, ſaid the Fripier.—And is there no other Rue de St. P—?—*Mon Dieu! oui Monſieur, dans la Faubourg de St. Germaine*, ſaid the Fripier. Now, we had come from the Faubourg de St. Germaine more than two miles out of our way, but ſtill I was much pleaſed that it was only a miſtake of mine, for Mr. C—— had become pretty confident that I was impoſed upon; I muſt confeſs that I began to have ſome uneaſy apprehenſions alſo.

Away we poſted to the Rue de St. P—, in the Faubourg of St. Germaine, and after ſome

ſome inquiry, we found the houſe and the proprietor in it. We enquired whether a Captain de la Grave had not taken this houſe ſome time ſince?—Yes, ſaid the proprietor, he did for ſix months, which time expired this day, and what is the moſt extraordinary thing I ever knew in my life is, that when I went to take poſſeſſion of my houſe, or to know if he would take it for a longer term, I found the doors open and all the family gone away. I have enquired of all my neighbours concerning them, who declare they know nothing about them, nor did they ſee any carriage come to the door, nor any baggage taken away; and this is moſt ſingular, as I don't find they are in any perſon's debt, and I was paid for the ſix months as ſoon as they came to the houſe.

I find nothing miſſing; on the contrary, they have left a trunk behind them which I believe contains ſome cloaths, but I have not opened it. I aſked him if he knew any thing concerning them,—he ſaid not at

all; but that he heard they came from Lyons, and that they were *gens de condition*; they were *fait comme il faut*, ſaid he, *Monſieur le Captaine eſt bien tournè il a beaucoup d' eſprit, et il ſe met fort bien; les dames auſſi ſont dun beautè parfaite.* After this elogè of the proprietor, I informed him of my adventure, and deſired him to let us break open the trunk that was left behind as a probable means of knowing the truth of her hiſtory, in finding ſome letters, but he would by no means conſent to this without the preſence of a magiſtrate; for I don't chuſe, ſays he, *d' être ſuſpendu en l' air.* However, I deſired him to ſhow me the trunk.

Upon examining the back, I luckily found it was open, but which had eſcaped the notice of the proprietor, who had now no objection to our examining the contents, which conſiſted of ſome gowns, chemiſes, &c. and a pocket-book with ſome memorandums and five letters in it; theſe we read; three of them were found to be from de la Grave, whilſt the Lady was in the convent,

convent, and the other two were from her aunt. The contents of theſe letters left us no doubt concerning the truth of the hiſtory ſhe gave of herſelf. I deſired the proprietor to ſend the trunk to the hotel de Y—k; he promiſed to ſee it delivered himſelf to the lady the next day.

When the morrow came, the firſt thing I did was to go to the hotel de Y—k, and the firſt news I heard was, that the lovely malhereux was releaſed from all the cares and miſeries of this life; ſhe had paid the great debt not a quarter of an hour before. I was informed by Madame F——, whom I found extremely affected at the melancholly cataſtrophe, that about two hours after I had left her, ſhe was ſuddenly ſeized with convulſions and excruciating pains, which at length brought on a *fauſſe couche*, the conſequence of which put a ſpeedy period to her exiſtence, in ſpite of all the ſkilful exertions of an experienced phyſician and ſurgeon.

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My ſenſations could not avoid paying a powerful tribute to the lovely departed. I was infinitely grieved that all my efforts were but in vain to ſave the life of the elegant, beautiful, and accompliſhed Longvilliè, whoſe gentle ſpirit certainly deſerved a happier fate, than to ſuffer ſuch an unparalled load of miſery and cruelty, and to be cut off in the midſt of bloom and beauty at the age of nineteen; but ſweet ſpirit, thou art now happy! why ſhould I lament thy death, and heave the heavy heart felt ſigh, when thou art only releaſed from a world of wretchedneſs, to enjoy eternal and unſpeakable happineſs.

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

UNFORTUNATE DISASTER

WHICH BEFELL

PILATRE DE ROZIER

AT

BOULOGNE.

Boulogne, June 14, 1785.

IF Monſieur Mongolfier had been in his grave before he had invented that deſtructive machine, called after his name, his death would have been attended with no loſs

loſs to mankind, and would this day, have ſaved the valuable lives of two worthy and ingenious men, and much diſtreſs and pain to many thouſand commiſerating ſpectators.

Monſieur Pilâtre de Rozier having reſolved to undertake the great and dangerous experiment of paſſing from France to England in an air balloon, with a Mongolfier attached to it, attempted the fatal experiment from this place this morning. He had been waiting for a fair wind and proper opportunity for ſeveral months, and, during that period, was diſappointed in many attempts. At length, weary and diſguſted with his diſagreeable and peculiar ſituation, together with the vaſt expence he was at, and being ſtung to the ſoul by the ill-natured and illiberal ſarcaſms which had been thrown out againſt him, from the many diſappointments he had met with, and viewing the ſucceſs of others through the medium of an ambitious envy, it altogether rouſed him to

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an affinity of deſperation, either to ſucceed or periſh in the attempt.

On Monday laſt, the wind ſo ardently wiſhed, became fair, and he began his operations; but he had not worked above three hours before it changed; he therefore deſiſted from proceeding in the work for that day. The next morning the wind again came fair, and about ſix o'clock a cannon was fired for the workmen to aſſemble; they worked upon the balloon till about three o'clock in the afternoon, and had about half filled it when the wind changed a ſecond time. Theſe circumſtances, with what had before happened, ought to have awakened him to very ſerious reflections upon the danger, not to ſay upon the almoſt certainty of his not ſucceeding in this temerarious expedition.

But ſuch an extraordinary fatality ſo conſpicuouſly attended the whole of this unhappy affair, that one would be almoſt tempted to ſuppoſe, that an interfering Providence

vidence was oppoſed to the raſh preſumption of man; if the idea ſhould be thought abſurd or viſionary, let the following reaſons either ſtrengthen the thought, or be rejected in favour of fortuitous circumſtances; an idea I know more popular, and more allied to the ſhallow philoſophy of man*; becauſe, what is not exactly adapted to his limited faculties, is generally rejected for his own ſlender ſpeculative diſquiſitions, for the *modern faith* is, to take nothing *upon truſt*; ſo that un-

* A mad atheiſtical Scotch writer (a doctor) hath lately written a book, ſomething about the *age* and eternal duration of the world, wherein, after modeſtly obſerving that there are not above two or three *diſcerning ſenſible* people in the world, (himſelf of courſe included,) hath the ignorance and imprudence to ſay, "that all things, both in heaven and on earth, "are only compoſed of a fortuitous concourſe of "atoms." If this fellow was mounted upon a pillory, between heaven and earth, and was ſaluted with a *fortuitous concourſe* of rotten eggs, and the atoms of the kennel of the old world, by a concourſe of creatures whom he would degrade; might not this worthy doctor be brought to his better ſenſes by ſuch gentle and proper diſcipline?

leſs.

leſs a God ſhall come forth from the heavens, and with a loud voice declare his reaſons for governing the world as he thinks fit, unbelieving mortals will continue to ſubſtitute their own weak and blind reaſoning, inſtead of an humble confidence and dependence upon the wiſdom and power of an inviſible creator.

But not to dwell upon theſe reflections, let me obſerve to ſuch readers, who will not agree with me in an interfering providence upon the affairs of men, that if it was not ſo in the caſe I have mentioned, they *muſt* at leaſt allow the circumſtances to be very *remarkable* which attended the fate of poor Pilâtre de Rozier. He was the firſt man who had the temerity to aſcend with a Mongolfier, and he was the firſt who fell a ſacrifice to the invention. De Rozier, having been much diſtinguiſhed and admired for his high ſpirit and talents, was reſolved to cloſe his aerial glory with the arduous and bold attempt of paſſing from France to England, and to this he was

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ſtimulated and encouraged from the ſucceſs of Monſieur Blanchard; not conſidering the very material difference in paſſing from an iſland to a continent; nor reflecting upon the great danger which Monſieur Blanchard himſelf was in upon the paſſage, though the wind which ſerved Blanchard, was likely to continue, and his paſſage ſhort; but none of theſe circumſtances were in the favour of de Rozier's ſituation at Boulogne; a ſouth-eaſt wind, which was the wind he imagined would carry him to England, would have driven him to Calais, and he was abſolutely in that direction, when the accident happened.

He had been warned of this by ſeveral people, particularly by Monſieur Mouron, an ingenious Gentleman of Calais, who frequently told him, "you will never go "to England in your balloon from Bou-"logne; if you attempt it, I ſhall ſee "you off Calais in the ſea, and I ſhall "have a boat ready to pick you up." Monſieur Blanchard delivered his opi-

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nion publicly to the ſame amount, and alſo adviſed him againſt the uſe of the Mongolfier; but as poor de Rozier had, with noble diſintereſtedneſs and generoſity, publicly placed a crown of laurels upon the head of Monſieur Blanchard in the play-houſe at Boulogne, he was ambitious to have the ſame honour conferred upon himſelf. Advice he certainly rejected; but it is not ſo certain he did not think that advice good, or that he rejected it for his own opinion. He conſidered, he had gone too far to recede with honour to his own character; he therefore did not abſolutely wrap himſelf up in ſuch a blind and abſolute ſecurity, as that of being reſolved to riſque at all events the chances of poſſibility. He had promiſed his princely patron, Monſieur le Comte de Provence, that he would at all events undertake the experiment.

The King approved of it, and was to have rewarded him. Thus as poor de

Rozier had ſo raſhly pledged his word, he had certainly a great ſtake to play; if he ſucceeded, his fortune was made, and his ambition gratified; but if he did not reſolutely riſk every thing to ſucceed in the attempt, he would have been branded as a vain boaſter and a coward.

Latterly, however, de Rozier had very ſerious apprehenſions of the danger he was about to embrace; he told Monſieur Duriez, an ingenious apothecary of this town, "that if he was worth twenty "thouſand pounds, he would with plea-"ſure have given it, before he had ſo in-"conſiderately engaged in a ſcheme ſo "perilous to his life and fame." And when his friends endeavoured to perſuade him to drop his deſign, he replied, "for "God's ſake don't mention ſuch a thing; "it is *now* too late; give me encourage-"ment; for I would rather take a knife "and pierce it to my heart, than give "up the attempt which I have engaged "in, although I was certain of meeting

"with

"with death." No doubt the poor man was made more deſperate from anonymous letters which he had received from ſome malevolent wretches, who threatened and abuſed him for his long delay. About a week before the fatal experiment, he made his will, a circumſtance he never thought of when he made the unſucceſsful attempt of going to England in his balloon a few months before.

The evening previous to his experiment, he received the ſacrament at the church of the Cordeliers, and continued two hours at his devotion; and for ſome days before, he frequently complained of an unuſual depreſſion of ſpirits, and declared, that if he ſuceeded in this undertaking, he would then have nothing more to do with balloons, but would for the future purſue the more quiet attentions of philoſophy, and attend his muſée*, which he had eſtabliſhed in Paris,

* Two or three days before the accident happened, he was appointed to a very lucrative place at

under the protection of Monſieur et Madame le Comte et la Comteſſe de Provence. But to return to my idea of a ſeeming interference of Providence, it is remarkable and worthy obſervation, that though Pilatre de Rozier had been from December to the middle of June, and during that time, had made repeated efforts to put the fatal experiment into execution, yet he was as often prevented by the ſudden change of the wind, and twice when he had actually filled it at a

at the head of the Chemical Line at Paris. This piece of good fortune, which poor de Rozier never knew, and which would have completely gratified his ambition, was obtained for him through the intereſt of Monſieur le Comte de Provence. The Comte, when he was informed of the unhappy fate of de Rozier, ſhed tears, and lamented, in the ſtrongeſt language, that he had ever given him the leaſt encouragement to undertake the fatal expedition. He ſaid he felt extremely for the ſituation of the amiable Engliſh young lady who was engaged to him; but that it now ought to be her conſolation that ſhe was not married to him; and then added, that he hoped his royal brother would forbid any more balloons being launched in his dominions.

very

very conſiderable expence, and was about to take his departure, he was prevented by a ſudden and critical change of it.

After ſo much expence and loſs of time, added to the vaſt fatigue and anxiety of mind which he underwent, one ſhould reaſonably imagine, that ſuch a warning would have rouſed his ſerious reflections upon the danger he was about to embrace; but more eſpecially from the remarkable changes of wind which flattered him from the favourable quarter for three weeks paſt. Several ſucceſſive mornings, previous to his departure, the wind was in the ſouth-eaſt quarter for an hour or two, and ſometimes not half an hour. Many old mariners, with whom I have converſed on the ſubject, told me, that they never remembered the wind to have been in that quarter ſo rarely, and then to change ſo ſuddenly as it had done for theſe eight months paſt.

But before I quit this idea of interference, I muſt not omit mentioning one of ano-

ther nature, which has ere now been ſo powerful as to change courage and temerity into ſoftneſs and effeminacy, and to make him who hath been a hero a coward. Pilâtre de Rozier, during his abode at Boulogne, became acquainted with an Engliſh young lady, of good family, of the name of Dyer. A mutual attachment took place. It is not the leaſt extraordinary, that de Rozier ſhould be captivated with ſuch a combination of good ſenſe, beauty, and accompliſhments as Miſs Dyer ſo eminently poſſeſſed; but it is very extraordinary, that he ſhould have rejected all her tender remonſtrances, and give up the certain proſpect of immediate happineſs, to embrace the moſt dangerous and preſumptuous experiment, that was ever attempted by man.

They were to have been married as ſoon as he had performed this daring excurſion; but *that* was a preliminary article, from which he would by no means

means recede, notwithſtanding the intreaties of many friends. But I muſt now return to the ſad cataſtrophe.

On Tueſday, the fourteenth in the morning, after he had filled the balloon, the wind changed; but ſuppoſing the wind would come about again in the ſame quarter the next morning, he diſmiſſed the workmen, and gave them orders to aſſemble at ten o'clock the ſame night. About eleven o'clock I went up to ſee their operations; they were then buſily employed, ſo that it was very naturally expected they would depart very early the next morning. Accordingly ſome thouſands aſſembled as ſoon as it was light; but their operations meeting with ſome obſtruction, it was ſome hours before they completed it. Poor Pilâtre de Rozier worked very hard himſelf the whole time, and tied every cord which attached the gallery to the balloon. A little before ſeven o'clock the balloon was removed from the place it

was filled to the open *place* in front of the ramparts, and *vis a vis*, the Butchery at the top of the high ſtreet. Here, having arranged a few things in the gallery, and taken a final adieu of his weeping friends, he got into the gallery with his companion, Monſieur Romaine, the man who made the balloon, and whoſe property it was; this poor man was offered one hundred Louis d'ors, if he would give up his ſeat to the Marquis de Maiſonfort, which he refuſed, for it was in part of the contract which he made with Rozier, that he ſhould accompany him to England *.

At twelve minutes after ſeven o'clock de Rozier gave the fatal ſignal; a cannon inſtantly

* A moſt fortunate circumſtance for the Marquis. This amiable young nobleman was an intimate friend of de Rozier's, and left England with him on a promiſe that he ſhould accompany him in his fatal expedition, if he could prevail on Monſieur Romaine to give up his place. They offered him at firſt one hundred Louis d'ors, which Romaine rejected; but the Marquis was ſo bent upon going, that he at laſt, two

inſtantly fired, and away they mounted to wing their rapid flight to death and fame. The balloon undoubtedly aſcend-

ed

two days before they went, perſuaded Romaine to accept of two hundred Louis d'ors for his place. The Marquis was now quite happy, and worked himſelf at the balloon; he had the greateſt confidence in de Rozier's abilities, and with him had not the leaſt idea of danger. De Rozier, however, had different reflections, and in ſome meaſure to check the generous ardour of his friend, the Marquis, he told him, that it was a dangerous attempt, and that he ought to make his will.

The ſpirited young man, not in the leaſt intimidated, made his will, and wrote a letter (which was to have been ſent in caſe of accident) to his friend at Paris, deſiring him to break the affair to his mother and ſiſters, in the moſt delicate manner poſſible, and to inform them that he had left all his fortune to them, except a ring, valued at two thouſand pounds, which he begged his friend to accept as a laſt teſtimony of his regard. Thus was he reſolved upon his own deſtruction! But de Rozier, who loved the Marquis with all the affection of a brother, and had now more ſeriouſly revolved in his own mind the extreme danger attending the expedition, at laſt determined that his friend ſhould not go. He, therefore, got ſeveral of his friends to perſuade him not to undertake ſo raſh a meaſure; but

thei

ed very majeſtically, and the novelty of the Mongolfier affixed to it, with the circular gallery, greatly heightened the *ſurpriſe*; I cannot call it *pleaſure*, for I felt a painful ſenſation, which I never before experienced on ſeeing balloons diſplayed; and as I find I have already been an egotiſt, I muſt upon this occaſion ſtill continue ſo. Whether it was a want of ſtronger animal ſpirits, which ſome men

their perſuaſions were ineffectual, and it was not till ten o'clock, the night before their departure, that the Marquis was acquainted that he ſhould not go. De Rozier and Romaine waited upon him, and informed him, that as they had entered into articles, and had pledged themſelves to the public to go together, it would be very improper in them to make any alteration in the arrangement, and therefore begged he would decline all thoughts of the expedition.

The Marquis was of courſe obliged to comply with their requeſt; and thus, from compulſion, through the affection of his friend de Rozier, he was happily ſaved from an untimely death. The Marquis embraced de Rozier the moment before he aſcended with all the fervour of ſenſibility and friendſhip.

poſſeſs

poſſeſs in a much greater degree than others, and which inſpire them with more confidence and fortitude, I will not pretend to ſay, but my nerves begat ſuch a ſtrong preſentiment of their danger that I frequently mentioned it for ſeveral days before the accident happened, and I never ſaw de Rozier, but I looked upon him as one who would be a victim to the invention; yet I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, that it was not without ſome reaſon I thought ſo.

The balloon was a bad one; it had been expoſed to froſt and ſnow, and had met with ſome accidents: I was fearful he would fill it too full, (which was the caſe,) that he might be able to keep longer in the air in caſe of being driven by a contrary wind upon the ſea. Again I was apprehenſive of his Mongolfier's not ſucceeding with the balloon, or taking fire, which was extremely probable; for the Mongolfier was lined with paper, and a large fire, in an iron pan, ſuſpended at the bottom of it, which blazed around.

around. Surely theſe reaſons, without adding others, were fully ſufficient to warrant a well grounded apprehenſion of danger. A few moments before he aſcended I took leave of him, and heartily wiſhed him ſucceſs. He ſeemed much out of ſpirits, and anſwered not a word; I never ſaw him ſmile the whole morning. De Rozier had ſo little idea of reaching England with this balloon, that he offered a reward of one hundred Louis d' ors to the firſt boat that ſhould pick him up, in caſe he fell in the ſea; and more than one hundred boats were prepared to attend him.

There was very little wind when the balloon aſcended; but notwithſtanding, it ſoon roſe to a very conſiderable height. At one time it appeared ſtationary for a very ſhort time, and then ſeemed to take a more weſterly direction, but it ſoon after got into a current of air which drove it in the direction of ſouth ſouth-eaſt; it was now about a league and a quarter from

from Boulogne, and had been in the air about thirty-two minutes, when I perceived a column of ſmoke aſcending from the top of it, and, almoſt one minute and a half after, I ſaw a flame of fire, when inſtantly the balloon blew up, and conſequently ſnapt the cords which ſuſpended the Mongolfier and the gallery; the balloon, now void of air, fell one way, and the gallery and Mongolfier another; the Mongolfier was totally compreſſed, and fell upon the gallery, for it was not a tenth part large enough to ſupport the weight attached to it, ſo as to make a gentle deſcent. The gallery during its rapid deſcent violently wavered from ſide to ſide, till it reached the earth.

Thus periſhed the brave and ingenious Rozier, in ſight of numerous friends and well-wiſhers, and before thouſands of ſpectators! numbers of whom, when they beheld the accident, ran different ways in ſilent fear, and weeping conſternation; but

but an ingenious acquaintance of mine hath more elegantly expreſſed the ſenſibility of the beholders in the following affecting and pretty lines, after giving a deſcription of the event, and a panegyrick upon de Rozier—of whom he ſays,

" For to command ſucceſs, foils human care;
" But great their exit is, who greatly dare.

Then adds:

" See! weeping Boulogne at the grave attend;
" Boulogne! thy lateſt earth, thy early end,
" Who view'd but now thyſelf and Sol aſcend.
" She, like a mother for her offspring's fate,
" Will long with anguiſh'd breaſt thy tale relate.
" Theſe tributes rendered; theſe laſt duties paid;
" We ſing a requiem to thy honour'd ſhade,
" No more can die!—thy Fame defies the tomb,
" That, nor can memory, nor the grave inhume.

And a requiem was ſung for his ſhade at the Cathedral Church, when almoſt all Boulogne attended; but the good prieſts would not do it for nothing; ſome of his friends paid them two guineas for ſo much charity done to his ſoul.

I am

I am truly conſcious of the very immethodical and diffuſe manner in which I have related this lamentable tale; but if it ſerves to give full information to the good natured and candid reader, I care not for the criticiſms of the faſtidious and ſelf-ſufficient, who are never pleaſed but with their own conceits, and think none right but themſelves. But I have ſtill ſomething more to add, as I imagine, that the moſt minute circumſtances may not be altogether unacceptable upon ſuch a ſubject.

About an hour after the accident happened I arrived at the fatal ſpot, which was upon the Garonne, about a mile to the left of the little village of Weemille, on the Calais road, and rather more than a quarter of a mile from the ſea, and nearly oppoſite to the fort of de Cruii, which is built in the ſea. The unfortunate men had been taken out of the gallery, and were then lying a few yards from it; they had both their coats

coats and their ſhoes off. I inquired of a man, who was the firſt that came up, what he obſerved of the deſcent? he ſaid the gallery, with the Mongolfier upon it, came down with vaſt force, and bounded from the earth, and that they were lying quite motionleſs in the gallery. He ſaid Romaine breathed two or three ſighs, and immediately expired; but that Rozier was quite dead.

Whilſt I was here the coroner or officers appointed to take inquiſitions on perſons found dead, arrived with two ſurgeons, who, with the greateſt attention, examined the bodies, and took an exact account of the apparel which they had on, and of the things in the gallery. Rozier had his leg broke, the bone of which was ſticking out quite bare, at leaſt four inches; both his ancles were broke, his face bruiſed and bloody, his back was dreadfully bruiſed, and I believe his cheſt was broke, for upon the ſurgeons preſſing it, blood as often came from his noſe. Romaine had his leg, thigh, and one foot broke,

broke, and was otherwiſe terribly bruiſed, his countenance was extremely changed and diſagreeable—that of poor Rozier's not at all.

The gallery was broke in ſeveral places, but the Mongolfier was whole, and not a ſpark of fire had reached the ſtraw or faggots.

The balloon fell within eight yards of the gallery. I had an opportunity of examining the balloon, and of taking away a few pieces of the part that was ſinged and burnt, while the coroner and an officer held a long diſpute, concerning whoſe juriſdiction it happened in. The balloon I found was burnt only about a yard and a half round the top of the *ſoupape* or valve, which was to let out the air. The valve was held only by a ſmall piece to the balloon, and the ſilk immediately round it appeared rended, as from a violent compreſſion. The ſilk which was ſewed to the valve, had moſt

of its oil or varniſh done away, or gradually diſſolved, ſo that the ſilk was thinner than in its natural ſtate. This appeared in ragged pieces, about two feet round the valve, while the other parts about a yard round, were ſhrivelled up, like ſinged parchment—the varniſh was ſtill upon it, and ſmelt extremely offenſive. No other part of the balloon was affected.

People are much divided here concerning the cauſe of the accident. Many ſay from ſome *electric matter* in the air; others, that it was cauſed from the heat of the fire which ſupplied the Mongolfier, and which dilated the balloon; and others inſiſt upon it, that the fire which ſupplied the Mongolfier, ſet the inflammable air on fire, &c. &c. "but ſuch "are the conceits of the ſpeculatiſts, "who ſtrain their faculties to find what "lies upon the ſurface."

Why

Why is it more probable, that this balloon ſhould be deſtroyed by lightening than any of the many others that have been launched? eſpecially when the ſky was remarkably ſerene, and not a cloud to be ſeen. The heat of the ſmoke of the fire, which ſupplied the Mongolfier, could not be the cauſe; for it was thirty-four feet from the balloon; and the other reaſon is fully as improbable, for the inflammable air was plainly ſeen aſcending from the top, and if the air had caught fire from the appendice which came down from one ſide of the Mongolfier, it ſurely would have ſinged or burnt that part of the balloon, and which was not the leaſt affected; beſides the fire could not poſſibly reach the appendice, for they were ſeen to lower the pan of fire long before the accident? What then is the moſt plain and probable cauſe? Why, I humbly conceive, from the beſt evidence of natural and probable circumſtances, it was owing to the balloon being filled *too full*, and when it came to

a certain height in the atmoſphere, it became ſo extremely dilated, that it required immediate vent, and they could not give it *that vent*, for de Rozier was plainly ſeen upon one knee in the gallery pulling at the rope which led to the *ſoupape*, with all his ſtrength, a few minutes only before the accident. I believe then, that either the *ſoupape* was ſo firmly faſtened, or that the rope was improperly fixed to it, that he could not open it, and, that from the violence of his pulling, he preſſed in the *ſoupape* upon the ſilk, which cauſed a *laceration* of the balloon round the *ſoupape*; upon this, the atmoſpheric air came in contact with the inflammable air, (after a certain quantity had expended itſelf from the balloon,) and then blew up.

I have the following reaſons for the ſupport of this hypotheſis. Firſt, upon its being obſerved to ſome of the workmen, who faſtened the *ſoupape*, that the accident might be owing to its opening; they

they replied, no; for that they had faſtened it *remarkably tight*. Secondly,

It was obſerved to de Rozier, by Monſieur Mouron, of Calais, that he thought it dangerous to have the rope that run through the appendice, which faſtened to the *ſoupape*, to go on one ſide of the balloon, telling him that he might find it difficult to open it in that manner, and, that Monſieur Blanchard, and other aeronauts, always fixed it in the middle of the balloon, in a perpendicular direction; but de Rozier could not do this, becauſe the Mongolfier was in the way; for he was determined to have that unneceſſary appendage, merely for ſhow; but from this he had no command of his balloon; he was not within twenty-eight feet of it; he was neither provided with a ſpear nor anchor, or any inſtrument whatever; therefore, the whole was quite unmanageable, and he could only go whither the wind would carry him. Nor did it ſeem his purpoſe on this occa-

ſion to try any further experiment, than that of riſking his own life; for had he ſucceeded, ſcience would not have benefited from the experiment.

This balloon was very highly ornamented, and painted with various allegorical repreſentations. It was, by permiſſion, called, "The Royal Balloon." Numerous impreſſions, from a beautiful engraving, were taken of it, with the Mongolfier and circular gallery attached to it.

Romaine exhibited the balloon for two months at Paris, and gained a conſiderable ſum. The people in general formed great expectations of its ſucceſs, and was impatiently anxious for the experiment.

The balloon was thirty-three French feet diameter, its own weight three hundred pounds, and contained nineteen thouſand two hundred pounds weight of air. The Mongolfier was about twenty-four

four feet high, and twelve diameter, and was ſuſpended about five feet from the balloon. It was made of a green ſilk ſtuff, not varniſhed, but lined with paper, and all the rarified air that it could contain was not ſufficient to ſupport a weight of more than ſixty pounds, therefore it was totally uſeleſs. Had they uſed one infinitely larger, which they had formerly deſigned, it is poſſible they might have been ſaved. The circular gallery was about ſixteen feet diameter, and ſuſpended a little below the Mongolfier. It was made of ſmall ozier twigs, placed about an inch and half from each other, and was about three feet high; the ſpace they had to ſit in was very confined, not more than two feet wide. Here was placed their ballaſt, and proviſion of wood, ſmall faggots, ſtraw, and charcoal to ſupply the fire for the Mongolfier, and in the centre of the open part of the gallery was ſuſpended (about eight feet below the centre of the Mongolfier) a large iron pan, which con-

tained the fire. This gallery was in every reſpect a crazy ill contrived machine; for, when it aſcended, it had not an equilibrium by almoſt a foot. Language can but ill expreſs the frightful ſcene of their aſcenſion. It was horridly majeſtic and daringly auguſt! Two raſh mortals ſoaring to death and fame, through regions not for man, aſcending amidſt flames of fire, and combuſtible matter, to conteſt with the elements of the atmoſphere and the ſea! But all the power of words and imagination cannot paint the horror that muſt have ſeized the two unhappy adventurers, when, at the height of two miles from the earth, they perceived their balloon on fire! The acute feelings of ſenſibility which ſtir within our own breaſts, can better teach us to conceive their terrific deſpair.

Monſieur Pilâtre de Rozier was but little more than twenty-ſeven years of age;

age; an intereſting figure, in ſtature about five feet eight inches; a genteel perſon; an expreſſive, benevolent countenance; of a delicate habit; in his manners and diſpoſition polite, affable, communicative, diſintereſted, and good natured, and like all men of real merit, modeſt and humble. Poor Pilâtre de Rozier and Romaine were buried in one grave, in the church-yard of Weemille, which but a few hours* before they had paſſed over in

* Their *enterrement* was accelerated with indecent haſte, a few hours only after their death, and not a friend attended their laſt ſad remains. Perhaps it may be trifling to add, that their coffins were the moſt wretched that can be conceived, more like two ill-ſhaped unplaned packing boxes. But ſo little do the French attend to the article of *pretty coffins*, that I have ſeen the funerals of people of condition, when the church has been hung with black cloth, and near one hundred prieſts have attended the pompous ceremony, and the coffins made of deal unpainted boards, ſo thin and looſely put together, that they appeared ſcarce ſtrong enough for the purpoſe of conveying their tenant to the grave.

their

their balloon. "They were green in "earth, and 'twas a grave teeming with "untimely death."

It gives me much pleaſure that the following elegant and affecting eulogium by his friend, the Marquis de Maiſonfort, was publiſhed juſt in time for me to ſubjoin it to this work. It was a haſty tranſlation, but I hope the ſpirit of the original will be found to be preſerved with nearly as much force and perſpicuity as the idioms of the two languages would admit. It was delivered by the Marquis himſelf at the muſeé of the late Pilâtre de Rozier, and, at the concluſion of this eulogium, the Marquis fainted away, and, during the recital, there was not a dry eye among his numerous auditors.

EULO-

EULOGIUM

ON

PILATRE DE ROZIER,

By the MARQUIS DE MAISONFORT.

A person must poſſeſs well-known talents, and an eſtabliſhed reputation, to venture to ſpeak in praiſe of a man whoſe cool intrepidity and active knowledge, intereſt all generous hearts. I do not eſtimate my own powers, but only liſten to the dictates of my heart. I conceive, that

that without being eloquent, we may dare all things when warmly affected.

You have thought, gentlemen, that the witneſs of Pilâtre de Rozier's death, had ſome right to ſpeak of his life. You have deigned to encourage this eſſay;—a work of gratitude! If I have ſucceeded, I may ſay, that ſenſibility may ſometimes ſupply the want of talents and genius. If it is ſtill difficult to praiſe worthily him, for whoſe tale our tears ſtill flow, it is at leaſt pleaſing to be the inſtrument of one univerſal ſenſation. Yes, gentlemen, the name of Pilâtre de Rozier hath a right to move all hearts, and to pronounce it in this place is of itſelf an eulogium.

Hereafter, on ſeeing his name conſecrated by glory, I will ſay, if his laſt expreſſions of affection were beſtowed on me, I *am* the firſt to ſtrew ſome flowers on his grave.

He

He was born March one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-ſeven; the city of Mek gave him birth, but to Paris he dedicated his talents.

Almoſt unknown in his own country, (which he left early in life,) the city where he was born knew him only by thoſe rays of glory which he ſpread over it; and although his fellow citizens have a right to be proud of his birth, it remains only for us to lament his death.

I ſhall not touch upon the family of Pilâtre de Rozier. Let it ſuffice us to know, that he was born of virtuous and honeſt parents. Falſe pride is always founded in mediocrity.

The learned, the artiſt, and the poet are the children of their own creation, and the eminent man belongs to every claſs of citizens. The great diſadvantage of poverty is, that it deprives us of a generous and diſtinguiſhed education.

A rich

A rich man, without talents, is the more blameable, as he hath had in his power all the means of obtaining them. Thus, a man without fortune, like Pilâtre de Rozier, hath ſo much the more right to our eſteem; becauſe he hath vanquiſhed many obſtacles to merit it. He was but a mere boy when he was employed in the military hoſpital; the ſtudy of anatomy intereſted, without fixing him to it. An attraction, which he could not reſiſt, led him to phyſics and chemiſtry, and he ſoon gave himſelf up, (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf,) to that happy enthuſiaſm which elevates great men to the place they ought to fill.

At the age of ſeventeen, without ſupport, without aſſured reſources, he came to this capital, allured by a deſire of inſtruction. He thought, with reaſon, that Paris was the centre of all learning, and ſeeking out of his misfortunes new exertions, he determined to attempt all things

things in order to extend his knowledge.

The laboratories of two able chemists of that city were successively the ports where his youth found shelter during his first storms of life. Running always with equal ardor to attain his end, difficulties disappeared before him, and his daily employments could not retard, either his labours or his progress. He found in pharmacy, the first elements of that science to which his genius called him.

If its theory had previously seduced him, what charm did he not find in wholly giving himself up to the experiments of physics and chemistry? He attended all the courses, heard all the lectures, read, with avidity, all the books. Intelligent, tractable, and studious, he marched with the strides of a giant in this newly discovered career. Nature had bestowed on Pilâtre de Rozier all the gifts that form the natural philo-

sopher

ſopher and the chymiſt. Laborious, daring,—Who poſſeſſed, more than him, the love of that glory which makes us undertake, that patience which makes us execute, and that courage which makes us ſucceed? Ah! Sirs, I ſee how much this word aſtoniſhes you!—It reminds you as well of his fall as of his cruel death! Let not this moſt unhappy event, the effect of misfortune, and not of imprudence, ſuffer us to forget his reiterated ſucceſſes, and his triumphs, of more than one kind.

But let us not anticipate thoſe moments of glory; too ſhort, alas! and reſembling ſome enchanting dreams which wake us with a moſt dreadful concluſion. In one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty, the city of Rheims wanted an enlightened perſon, capable of all things within himſelf, and of giving a public courſe of intereſting and inſtructive chemiſtry. Mr. Sage was requeſted to name a profeſſor; he choſe one from among his

his own pupils, and Pilâtre flies to give lectures at an age that few begin to receive them with advantage. That zeal which firſt brought him to Paris, ſoon carried him back again. Inſatiable of knowledge, Pilâtre, tired with teaching, haſtened to return to his own ſtudies.

Commerce for a time caught his attention; but, compelled by a paſſion ſtronger than intereſt, he yielded, and returned, to phyſics and chemiſtry.

Happy then, for the firſt time, to find himſelf placed at once under the eye of a Prince*, protector of the ſciences he honoured, and a friend to the arts he cultivated, he ſoon merited his regard and his favours. To this invaluable good fortune, he had that of ſerving a generous and ſenſible Princeſs †, an enlightened judge of talents, and well

* Monſieur. † Madame.

knowing how to profit by them herſelf, and how to value them in others. He had the honour to explain to both, the intereſting phenomena of phyſics and chemiſtry. It was at this period, gentlemen, that reflecting on the infinite difficulties that muſt be overcome, he reſolved to ſpare much trouble to thoſe whom a love of the arts and ſciences ſhould induce to follow him in this immenſe career—great ideas are readily generated near great princes. Like the God of day, which ſpreads around him flames of light, they impreſs a character of ſublimity on all that ſurround them. Pilâtre de Rozier purpoſed to reunite in one and the ſame centre, what his genius alone knew ſo well to comprehend, and, collecting all the ſcattered parts, to create a place which might draw the whole to a focus. This vaſt project, a man, born without ſupport, dared to conceive and execute.

What obſtacles muſt he encounter? what patience muſt he oppoſe to the intrigues

trigues of malice? Then it was, that he frequently exclaimed with that ſweetneſs that always characteriſed him, "The "world is juſt in the end, but it begins "always by oppoſing the good we would "do it." Thus anſwering, by ſucceſſes to doubts, by the evidence of things, to the inutility of words, he ſucceeded. Monſieur approved his projects; the muſeum was formed, and we ſoon ſaw natural hiſtory, chemiſtry, anatomy, and mathematicks united and ranged under the name of the muſes.

It was at this time, gentlemen, that for the honour of human nature, one man dared to reſolve the problem of all ages. By the laws of gravity, every heavy body appeared to have a direct tendency to the earth; but Monſieur de Mongolfier calculated and compelled the ſame laws to produce a contrary effect, and in the end he broke the chain of gravity. Thus truth came in aid to fable, and

that which the imagination of poets invented, the genius of one man realized.

A perſon muſt have courage, gentlemen, to combat, and to attempt that which prejudices had declared to be impoſſible! What thorns are planted in in the paths of the learned by that ſame public they attempt to inſtruct and enlighten? Men, extreme in all things, are always laviſh of praiſe or cenſure, and we have frequently ſeen them leave genius combating with mediocrity.

In the month of July one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-three, Monſieur de Mongolfier, already announced to Paris by his fame, arrived there, to evince this diſcovery. A globe was elevated to the eyes of the aſtoniſhing capital, and the field of Mars became for aeroſtation, the firſt field of triumph. Then it was, that delivering himſelf to that enthuſiaſm which inſpires great things to ſouls formed to perceive and

appreciate

appreciate them, Pilâtre de Rozier dared to ſolicit that which no perſon had ever ventured to forſee. The idea of a man in the middle region of the air, truſting his exiſtence to feeble and weak ſubſtances, froze all hearts, his alone remained unſhaken.

He ſolicited the place, which was for a long time, through humanity, refuſed him, and he requeſted that, as a favour, which a beneficent King trembled to ſubſtitute as a moſt dreadful puniſhment. Think not, that the deſire of glory alone, could ſtifle in him that attention which attaches us to this life. It is to the public good that ſuch prodigies belong, that alone can carry us above the terrors and common prejudices. And, if we have ſometimes ſeen people ſeek death in hope of acacquiring an immortal name, it is more noble to brave it with deſign to make ourſelves uſeful. Let me here conſecrate what he hath ſo often ſaid to me; "We "have lived long enough when we have "added ſomething to humanity."

After many ſucceſsful eſſays, Monſieur de Mongolfier conſented to the repeated wiſhes of Pilâtre de Rozier, and the empire of air became the patrimony of man.

There exiſted two methods, both perhaps equally dangerous, but attaining one and the ſame end, though by contrary proceſſes. A choice muſt be made, and the inventor ſeemed to give a decided preference to fire: more ſimple, more ready, more ſaving, this method announced a more real utility, and advantages within every one's power.

From this time aéroſtation was divided into two parties. Mr. Charles ſuſtained with ſucceſs the method he adopted, and Paris ſaw the moſt celebrated artiſts ballancing between the Air Balloons and the Mongolfiers. Always happy when a noble emulation is the only ſentiment that divides two rivals! Happy when they know *how* to ſet a due

value

value on, to calculate their power, and to merit their eſteem; eſpecially to have the commendable pride of deſpiſing envy, of braving the prejudices of the moment, and of adopting poſterity only for judge, alone competent to pronounce its irrevocable decrees!

The twenty-firſt of November, ſix months after the diſcovery made by Monſieur de Mongolfier, two adventurous mortals abandoned themſelves to all the riſks of an element till then unknown.

Pilâtre de Rozier, and Monſieur, the Marquis d' Arlandes, participated a triumph, ſo much the more flattering, as it was without example. Paris, Lyons, Verſailles, ye were witneſſes, to the labours and ſucceſſes of the unfortunate Rozier! you have ſeen him always indefatigable, ever equally intrepid, joining by new experiments the reſources of genius to the advantages of experience! Were not ſo many ſucceſsful labours ſufficient for his renown? Yes,

gentlemen, but the bounty of the King, the encouragement of the nation, were new ſpurs to him. He reſolved to attempt all things in order to merit more. Such is the ſoul of a Frenchman! cheriſhed by the regards of his Sovereign, he believes himſelf capable of all things. It is flying to glory, to run in like caſes to danger. Peirouſe, who would not wiſh to be in your place, who would not brave the ſame as you, the heats of the line, the cold and the ice of the poles! Who would not tread in the ſteps of Cook, if, like you, he had received orders from the mouth of the King and his auguſt Queen? Bear then the name of Louis to unknown regions! Remember that you have made it reſpected, but forget that you have made it feared. Let humanity always accompany it, and, faithful to the picture you ought to draw, offer for him every French heart!

Thus it is, that protecting all arts, the King makes his veſſels explore the moſt

moſt remote ſeas, permits that the region of the air is attempted, and wiſhes to extend his own glory, and that of his empire over all the elements. To paſs from France into England, through the region of the air, required new audacity. This idea is hinted to Pilâtre de Rozier; he adopts it; and we ſoon ſee him on the coaſt waiting for the decrees of fate, and one of the three only winds that could be favourable to him.

Blanchard! the happy Blanchard arrives at Dover, forming the ſame deſign on the oppoſite coaſt; fortune ſmiles on him and the wind more favourable, brings him triumphantly into his native country.

Incapable of feeling the ſting of envy, as juſt as generous, Pilâtre waits for him at Boulogne, crowns him with his own hand, and goes with him to Paris, without fearing to increaſe his triumph. Not imagining that he himſelf had done any thing, he ſees the ſucceſs of another, and wiſhes to excel him. Encouraged

couraged by the moſt powerful motives, he ſets out; but not without a moſt painful preſage. Alas! he will never ſee again that ſiſter whom he loved and overwhelmed with kindneſſes; he will ſcarce bear to hear one ſpeak of his family, of which he was the father and the ſupport; he will no more enjoy this eſtabliſhment which coſt him ſo much trouble, and whoſe ſucceſs formed his happineſs; he ſhall be no more employed in the two ſciences which were his delight; he will no more embrace his friends; he preſſes them for the *laſt* time to his heart!

O you, who deſerved his confidence! friends! who, for a length of time ſeconded him in his labours, he will write you from the depth of his priſon *! Thus he will ſpeak for himſelf; but theſe lettres, full of ſenſibility, have breathed a ſombre melancholly, every

* Boulogne.

ſentence

ſentence ought to move and afflict your ſouls! No, ſirs, I will not paint the numberleſs diſguſts with which he hath been overwhelmed! I will not tell you, that, during ſix months, he paſſed his time in the moſt frightful uncertainty! The days in getting ready his machine, the nights, in conſulting the winds! Thrice he filled it, three times he was ſeated in the gallery, where I have ſeen him lying down broken-hearted, and three times the inconſtant winds rejected his vows and deſtroyed his hopes! It is you, witneſſes of his laſt labours, that I dare accuſe here*? It was to withdraw himſelf from your unjuſt ſuſpicions, that he ſought death! The moſt bold, the moſt daring of men, I have ſeen you treat him as a coward! I have heard you hold near him the moſt bitter diſcourſes; your cruel epigrams reached him, and cut him to the heart. He wiſhed to have anſwered *all*; but he is gone! Re-

* The inhabitants of Boulogne.

ſpect his memory—grant ſome cold honours to his aſhes. He pardons you—he would have pardoned you—his revenge is in your own hearts. O you, who remained faithful to him; you who rejected the opinion of your fellow citizens, ſhare his ſorrows! I well know you were dear to his heart*; receive then by me this teſtimony of his gratitude! It would have been eternal, alas! it would have been equal to your regrets. Unhappy companion, whoſe place I would have taken! you who would have remained, if I had ceaſed to be, ſhare at this moment the tears that flow for both! Romaine! Pilâtre de Rozier! we will never more divide your memory! the night of the tomb hath divided you; we will be as juſt as death hath been cruel! To draw greater advantages out of the ſyſtem of aéroſtation; Pilâtre had reſolved to unite them;—ſuch was his

* Friends at Boulogne, ſuch as M. M. Cazin, de Caumartin, du Souliez, &c.

genius

genius and character. I will not defend what he is accuſed of, either as to raſhneſs or imprudence, nor loſe in diſcuſſing a *time*, which ought to be employed in feeling: Let us leave it to perſons leſs affected, to defend the cauſe of a truly afflicting and deplorable misfortune: Let us rather call to mind his laſt moments; for they will never be obliterated from my remembrance. I ſaw him reſtleſs, melancholly, the whole night conſulting the winds, and dreading their inconſtancy. In vain I implored him to take ſome repoſe; he anſwered me, "There is no more reſt for me; I "muſt ſet off; I muſt croſs that ſea, "although it ſwallows me up; it is the "only gate that remains to me in or-"der to return to my friends." I preſſed him to take ſome ſleep; he refuſed,—alas! he, unfortunate, knew not that death was the ſleep that awaited him.

I heard

I heard him ſay, ſhewing me England; "my fortune, my glory, and my life "are all on that ſide!"

It is with the moſt heart-felt emotion that I recall, gentlemen, the moment when his generous friendſhip ſaved my life! He claſped me in his arms, and trying to ſhake my conſtancy, he attempted to frighten me with the danger he forſaw, and feared for me, whilſt he dared it himſelf. "No," ſays he to me, "it is not a certain wind—it is not a "ſure experiment!" I yielded! So true it is that circumſtances will ſometimes take an aſcendency, which we can neither conquer nor define. At laſt the fatal moment approaches; the fire is lighted; my hands alone ſtill keep my friends to the earth. They eſcape me! They fly upwards! They aſcend with majeſty! My eye follows them, and I breathe with difficulty *. All my ſenſes are

* A few minutes after their aſcenſion, the tranſlator of this eulogium ſpoke to the Marquis, who having

are ſuſpended; I, moſt unfortunate, ſtill envy them! Already thirty minutes are elapſed in this violent agitation.—— I hear ſhrieks all around me; horror environs me; it hath already laid hold of my heart! The moſt rapid motion accelerates, and brings back the machine to the earth: I ſee it; but in an inſtant it diſappears from my ſight: it is over; no more hope remains for me! What a horrid moment! what a grievous uncertainty! I have a league to go! what a way, great God! I fly! at laſt I arrive. No; you cannot have the cruelty to exact a detail truly afflicting to my ſoul; I will ſpare you a picture ever preſent to my imagination!

ſeemed much afflicted, and anſwered with his handkerchief to his eyes. As ſoon as the Marquis perceived the accident, he mounted his horſe, and was the firſt from Boulogne to witneſs the cruel fate of his beloved friend.

It

It hath pierced my ſoul!—Since there are degrees of grief which we may feel, but can never expreſs, I conclude ſaying, would you prolong his glory? would you honour his aſhes? encourage and give ſplendor to a muſéum which was of his creating.

That the Belles Lettres, which are there united, may add, if it be poſſible, new luſtre to it, and that from this inchanting union, there may ſpring up an eſtabliſhment worthy to bear the name "of the Temple of the Muſes.*"

* A monument is intended to be erected upon the ſpot where they met with their diſaſter, and the following epitaph deſigned for de Rozier.

Victime avouë de la rigeur du ſort
Le chemin de l'honneur ta conduit' a la mort.

TRANSLATION.

Unhappy youth! experience came too late,
By honour urg'd, to thy untimely fate!

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

REGISTERS

OF THE

COURT OF PARLIAMENT

OF

PARIS.

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PARIS.

The fifteenth of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

SENTENCE of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Didier to be hanged by the executioner, in the pub-

lic ſquare of the city of Tournan, for divers robberies and burglaries.

The eighteenth of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament, which condemned Peter Calſeoux, called Miyom, to be hung in the ſquare of the city of Chalearoux, for divers felonies and robberies.

The nineteenth of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Charlotte Plaix, widow

dow of Stephen Marle, to make honorable amends before the principal gate of the pariſh church of St. Amable, in the city of Riom, where ſhe ſhall be carried by the executioner, drawn on a tumbrel, her head and feet naked, in her ſhift, holding in her hands a lighted wax torch of the weight of two pounds, ſhewing a halter about her neck, and a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "A woman who has poiſoned her huſ-"band, and ſtrangled him in his ſleep," and there to have her hand cut off by the executioner, and afterwards to be burnt alive in the principal ſquare of the ſaid city, the ſaid widow of Marle being firſt put on the rack.

The twenty-fifth of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Marion Flouriſt, jour-

ney-man confectioner, to be broke alive, upon a ſcaffold in the ſquare of the New Corn Market of the city of Clermond Ferrand, for having aſſaſſinated, with an iron ſhovel and knife, Mary Clermont, ſervant to the widow Dumat.

The thirty-firſt of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Lewis Francis Tournacy, called St. Louis, to be hanged on a gallows in the public market place of the city of Châtellerault, for a robbery.

N. B. In the courſe of this month (January)

One had her hand cut off.

Three hung.

One broke on the wheel.

The

The firſt of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Nicholas Francis Chamitty to be put on the pillory, in the principal place of the village of Freſne les Runges, having a writing on his breaſt and back, with theſe words, "Stealer of ſheaves of corn in the fields "during night," then to be whipt and branded with three letters, G A L, and ſent to the galley, there to ſerve the King as a ſlave for five years.

The eighth of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Touchard to be

placed in a pillory, to be erected in the moſt public place of Pamphon, and there to remain two hours, having a paper ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A ſtealer of corn in the "fields," and then to be flogged and branded, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The twentieth of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Francis Bertel to be broke alive on a ſcaffold to be erected upon the great ſquare of Belleſtre, for murders commited in the houſe of the prieſt of Houdencourt, part of the Lordſhip of Belleſtre, on the bodies of Mary Jane, and Mary Ogen, nieces to the curate of that place, and on Agnes Ogen, his

his ſervant, killing them with the butt-end of his muſquet, and for a burglary.

The twenty-ſecond of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Ballade to be placed in the pillory, in the ſquare of the croſs of Trahom, and there to remain for two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A forger of bills of exchange," to be marked and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The

The twenty-third of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Joſeph Foſſet and Elizabeth Lombard, widow of John Tulin, and before that of Mark Foſſet, to be placed on the pillory, to be erected in the public ſquare of the city of Saint Merchoult, and there to remain on a market day for two hours, and having each a writing on their breaſts, with theſe words, "Stealer of ſheaves during the "harveſt," as to the ſaid Joſeph Foſſet, and for the ſaid Elizabeth Lombard, (the like,) and then the ſaid Joſeph Foſſet ſhall be whipt and branded with three letters, G A L, and then ſent to the galleys as a ſlave for three years. And the aforeſaid Elizabeth ſhall be branded with the letter V. and ſent to Bridewell for three years.

N. B.

N. B. During the courſe of this month (February)

Four to ſtand in the pillory, branded in the hand, flogged, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

One broke on the wheel.

The ſeventh of March, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Anthony Morm to be placed in a pillory to be erected in the ſquare of the borough of Bellegrade, and there to remain two hours, with a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, " Stealer of fiſh," and then to be whipt

whipt and branded and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The twelfth of March, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eight-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Charles Lafoſſe, ſen. to have his arms, legs, thighs, and loins broke alive upon a ſcaffold, to be erected in the great ſquare of the city of Senlis, firſt being put to the rack, for having murdered, with a hammer, Lewis Lafoſſe, Deacon Canon of the church of Senlis, his brother, his ſervant, and her mother, and then having robbed them, and committed many burglaries.

The

The ninth of March, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Fougeu, a merchant, to be put in the pillory at the place de Greve, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A "common cheat," and then to be branded and ſent to the galleys for nine years.

The nineteenth of March, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Charles Paul Lafoſſe, junior, to be broke alive on a ſcaffold, to be erected in the great ſquare of Senlis, being firſt put to the rack, for having killed with a hammer, Lewis Lafoſſe, his relation,

relation, his ſervant maid, and her mother, and then having robbed them, and for committing many burglaries.

The twenty-third of March, one thouſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which diſcharges Magdalen Beguin, widow of Charles Lafoſſe, ſenior, and Margaret Lafoſſe, his daughter, from the complaints and accuſations againſt them, by the ſubſtitute of the King's Attorney General of the Bailage of Senlis, and ordered them to be ſtruck out of the goaler's books, and to be diſcharged by proclamation.

N. B.

N. B. In the courſe of this month (March)

Two broke on the wheel.

Two to ſtand in the pillory, and ſent to the galleys.

Two acquited.

The eighteenth of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John and Sebaſtien Montauloix to be broke alive upon a ſcaffold, to be erected in the ſquare des Faulles of the city of Riom, for having, the 19th April 1781, premeditately, and in the night-time, after threats uſed the ſame day to John Flouroux, attacked on the

the highway Beneduta and Francis Flouroux, on their way from Chadieux to Charlos, and for having attacked and abuſed them in a moſt cruel manner, ſo that Francis Flouroux was for ſeveral months dangerouſly ill.

The thirteenth of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which reprimanded and admoniſhed Frances Clauſe and Fiaere Biſſonnet to their future good behaviour, under the penalty of exemplary puniſhment; the ſaid Francis, for having abuſed the Syndic of the fraternity of merchants; likewiſe having unlawfully paid ſeveral members of the ſaid fraternity ſums of money received

ceived by Fiacre Biſſonnet, bailiff to the Fraternity.

N. B. In the courſe of this month (April)

One broke on the wheel.

Two reprimanded and admoniſhed.

The fifteenth of June, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Baptiſte Mullard to be broke alive on a ſcaffold, to be erected in the old market place of the city of Verſailles, for robbery and aſſaſſination on the highway.

The twentieth of June, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Elizabeth Phelût to make honourable amends before the principal door of the pariſh church of St. Aimable, in the city of Riom, where ſhe ſhall be conveyed on a tumbrel, her head and feet naked, and in her ſhift, having a halter about her neck, and holding in her hands a wax torch of two pounds weight, and having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A ſervant maid who attempted "to poiſon her maſter, and who ſtrang-"led him in the night," then being brought into the great ſquare of the city of Riom, ſhe ſhall be hanged, and her body there be burnt and reduced to aſhes, the ſaid Elizabeth being firſt put to the rack.

The

The twenty-ſeventh of June, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which diſcharges Claude Mainſonnat, Stephen la Theoline, Andrew Sallemand, and Stephen Philibert, from the complaints and accuſations brought againſt them by the Attorney General.

N. B. In the courſe of this month (June)

One broke on the wheel.

One hanged.

Three acquited.

The third of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which diſcharged John Baptiſte du Voiſin du Soumagnal, ſenior, from the complaints and accuſations brought againſt him by the Attorney General.

The ſixth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned James Boucher to be put into the pillory in the place de Greve, for two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A ſtealer "of handkerchiefs out of pockets," then to be whipped with rods, and marked with

with the letter V. and baniſhed for three years.

The ſeventeenth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which declares five writings, produced by the heirs of Gourand, and depoſited with the ſecretary of the bailiage of Angers, to be forged and counterfeited.

The nineteenth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Verdier, called

John Lewis, to be put in the pillory upon the ſquare of Queerhont, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, " A ſharper," and then to be baniſhed for five years.

The twenty-third of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Therrot to be faſtened by an iron collar, to a ſtake erected for that purpoſe by the common hangman, during three ſucceſſive market days, in the public ſquare of the Fountains of Auxere, and to remain, each day, two hours, having a bill placed before and behind, with theſe words, " A fraudulent " bankrupt," and to be tranſported for three years.

The twenty-fifth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Tillot to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake by the common hangman, during three ſucceſſive market-days, in the public market-place of the city of Cahers, and to remain there during two hours each day, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A man having reſcued a pri-"ſoner from the officers of juſtice," and in the ſame place to be branded with theſe three letters, G A L, and from thence conducted to the galleys, and to ſerve there as a ſlave for the ſpace of three years.

The twenty-fifth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Antonia Joſſe, the wife of Love Roche, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake by the common hangman, in the public market-place of Faules, in the city of Riom, three ſucceſſive market days, and there to remain for the ſpace, and during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "For robbery in the market-"place," after which to be branded with the letter V, and ſhut up for three years in the houſe of Correction.

The twenty-fifth of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Margaret Bornier, wife of

of Noel Lonchamp, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake in the public ſquare of the city of Laon, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with the following words, "For being a thief at the fair," whipped, marked, and confined to the hoſpital for three years.

The twenty-fifth of July one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Jane Margoutier, widow of Martin Follet, and Margaret Follet, her daughter, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake by the common hangman, in the public ſquare of the town of Châteauneuf, in Themarias, and there to remain, during the market, for the ſpace of two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A

"corn

"corn ſtealer during the harveſt, under "pretence of gleaning it;" in the ſame place to be whipped, laſhed, and branded with a hot iron, in the form of a letter V, and each to be ſhut up during three years in the houſe of Correction belonging to the General Hoſpital of Saltpeter.

N. B. During the month of July,

One tranſported for three years, and tied to a ſtake with an iron collar.

One branded and ſent to the galleys for three years.

Two to be faſtened with an iron collar to a ſtake, and ſent to the houſe of Correction for three years, and branded with a letter V.

The

The firſt of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned William Durand and Jane Hurte, his wife, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, by the common hangman, during three ſucceſſive market days, in Faules-ſquare, in the town of Riom, and there to remain each day two hours, having each a bill ſtuck before and behind, bearing theſe words, "Pub-"lic ſharpers;" in the ſame place, the third time, the aforeſaid Durand ſhall be branded with the three letters G A L, and conducted to the galleys for a ſlave, for the time and ſpace of three years, and Jane Hurte with the letter V, and from thence conducted to the houſe of Correction, to the General Hoſpital of Saltpeterie, there to be detained and confined during the time and ſpace of three years.

The

The third of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned James Courtin to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, by the common hangman, in the public ſquare of the city of Uxerre, and there to remain one market day, during two hours, with a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A ſharper," upon a complaint and accuſation, entered at the requeſt of the Subſtitute of the Attorney General, againſt Francis Caprais Clinchaut, and Mary Jane Berry, put the parties out of the court and of law.

The

The ſixth of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned James Patenoſtre to be faſtened to an iron collar, during three ſucceſſive market-days, in the public ſquare of the town of Sens, by the common hangman, and there to remain two hours each day, having a bill before and behind, with theſe words, "A gambler," after which to be tranſported for five years from the bailiwick of Sens, of the city, and from the juriſdiction of the Provoſt Marſhall from Paris, and of all the attendants of the court.

The

The eighth of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Catharine Ledger, wife of Robert Loiſelet, to be faſtened by an iron collar by the common hangman, in the public ſquare of the town of Eſſeyes, having a bill before and behind, with theſe words, "A ſharper." Diſcharged James Laverdat, Elizabeth Geutelot his wife, and John Baptiſt Laverdat of the accuſations and complaints preferred againſt them.

The fourteenth of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Benigne Joſeph Laloutte

loutte to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common hangman, at the ſquare in Grenetat-ſtreet, near St. Martin-fields Abey, and there to remain from noon till two o'clock, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A "ſharper in forging and uttering as true "another's hand writing," and in the ſame place, marked with the three letters, G A L, and from thence to be conducted to the King galleys to ſerve the King as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

The twenty-ſecond Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence given at the Criminal Chamber of the Caſtleward of Paris, which condemned William Maillet, bookbinder, to be repremanded for being drunk, and having

having diſturbed by his indecent behaviour, on Eaſter-day, divine worſhip, in the pariſh church of St. Hillary, having uſed violence againſt a Swiſs of the aforeſaid pariſh, by endeavouring to puſh him out, having thrown down the ſaid Swiſs and having thereby occaſioned a fracture of the knee-pan, by which fracture he remains a cripple. Sentenced to pay ſix-hundred livers damages, and three livers to the King, to be levied on his goods. The ſaid being judged at ſo trifling a damage on account of Claude Duncan, (the injured party's intervention.) That the aforeſaid ſentence be printed, and ſtuck up in all parts of the town, and at the door of St. Hillary's church.

Attorney General, plaintiff and accuſer; William Maillet, book-binder, defendant and accuſed, Claude Duncan, a Swiſs, of the pariſh of St. Hillary, plaintiff in intervention.

The

The twenty-third of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Lewis Lafond to be faſtened to an iron collar in Greve-ſquare, and there to remain from twelve to two, having a bill ſtuck before and behind bearing theſe words, "Wounding and maiming with a long knife," afterwards to be conducted to the King's galleys, and there to ſerve the King as a ſlave for ever, and to be previouſly marked with G A L.

The twenty-third of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Andrew Broſſe to be

faſtened by an iron collar, to a ſtake in the public market hall in the town of Bometable, and there to remain on a market-day, during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind him with theſe words, " A pretended ſorcerer and " forteller of events."

Diſcharged Fiacre Giran of the accuſation.

The twenty-third of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned René Leriche to be faſtened by an iron collar, by the common hangman, in the public market-place of the city of Ferſnay le Vicomte, having before and behind a paper bearing theſe words, " Stealing corn in

" the

" the market hall," whipped and marked, and ſent to the galleys for five years.

The twenty-ſeventh of Auguſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Berney to be hanged till he was dead, by the common hangman, on a gallows placed in the public market-place of the city of Moulines, for robbing a ſervant.

N. B. During the month of Auguſt.

One to be hanged.

One condemned to the galleys to perpetual ſlavery, and to be branded with the letters G A L.

Five condemned to be faſtened to a ſtake, by an iron collar, and one ſent to the Houſe of Correction for three years, and branded with G A L.

Sentence of the Criminal Court.

Condemned William Meullet, book-binder, to be reprimanded for getting drunk and diſturbing divine worſhip, to pay ſix hundred livres, and three livres to the King, to be levied on his goods.

The ſecond of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Stephen Damerien and Claudius de Belleville, to be faſtened by

an iron collar to a ſtake, by the common hangman, in the corn-market of Bourges-town, and there to remain one market day, during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "Diſturbers of the public quiet," after which to be tranſported for the time and ſpace of three years.

The fourth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Lewis Dharcourt to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, by the common hangman, in Greve market-place, and there to remain from twelve to two o'clock, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A de-"frauder of the merchants by means of "forged letters," and likewiſe to be

branded with a hot iron in the form of the three letters G A L; after which to be ſent and conducted to the King's galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of nine years.

The ſixth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Lewis Portevin to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, by the comman hangman, erected in the public market-place in the city of Beauvais, and there to remain one market day during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind bearing theſe words, "Theiving corn in the fields," at the ſame time ſtripped, flogged, and marked with the three letters G A L, and ſent and conducted to the King's galleys,

galleys, and there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

The eleventh of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned James Curabet to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake by the common hangman, in the market-place of the city of Billom, and there to remain one market-day, during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "A ſtealer of "ſheaves in the field during the harveſt," and in the ſame place to be whipped and marked with the three letters, G A L, and from thence conducted to the King's galleys, to ſerve there as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of five years.

The twelfth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Nicholas Poirier, already tried and condemned to the galleys for nine years, by the judgment of the Proveſt Marſhall at Orleans the 20th of May 1769, to be hung on a gallows by the common hangman in the market of Matroi, in the city of Orleans, for theft.

The thirteenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Nicholas Duchois, Picard, and Pautre, *alias* Belleface, to be faſtened to an iron collar by the common hangman, in the principal market-place in the village of Coſſigny, having a bill

a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Stealing ſome ground corn in "the fields during the night," to be whipped, marked, and ſent to the galleys for five years.

The thirteenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Douhard to make honourable amends before the principal church door in Belleroche, where he is to brought in a tumbrel by the common hangman, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with this word, "Parricide;" after which to be drawn in the ſame tumbrel to the public market-place, in the aforeſaid Belleroche, and there to be burnt alive, for having premeditately ſet fire to a thatched houſe or cottage built

by

him, and in which he reſided with Benedicta Troney, (with whom he was betrothed,) and two children belonging to the latter, but the youngeſt in his confeſſion he declared to be his, after having cauſed the ſaid Benedicta Troney and her two children to periſh in the flames.

The ſeventeenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament, which condemned John Baptiſte Paſſemigny to be hung by the common hangman on a gallows erected for that purpoſe, in the public market-place of the town of Laon. For robbing ſervants.

The

The ſeventeenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John François, button-maker, to be hanged by the common hangman, and there to remain till he is dead, in the public market-place of Monzeville, for a burglary.

The eighteenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Jacquet Demeurant, widow of Charles Depoi, to make honourable amends before the principal door of the pariſh church in the town of Thouars, where ſhe is to be drawn on a tumbrel by the common hangman, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with

theſe

theſe words, "A woman who poiſoned "her huſband;" and in the ſame place to have her thumb cut off on a ſtake by the aforeſaid; afterwards to be brought to the public market-place of the city of Thouars, to be burnt alive on a lighted pile, for having poiſoned her huſband with arſenick.

The eighteenth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Magdalen Bourgeat, wife of Lewis Pruſſe, to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common hangman, to a ſtake purpoſely erected in the public market-place of the town of Troyes, and there to remain one market-day during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words,

words, " A ſhop lifter ;" and in the ſame place to be whipped and marked with the letter V. afterwards to be ſent to the Bridewell belonging to the General Hoſpital of Salpeter, and there to be confined for the time and ſpace of three years.

The twentieth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Peignot to be broke alive on a ſcaffold erected for that purpoſe in the public market-place of the town of Chateauroux ; the aforeſaid Peter Peignot previouſly to apply to him the ordinary and extraordinary queſtion. For aſſaſſination and theft.

The

The twenty-fifth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Renoyld Bonneau to be faſtened to an iron collar to a ſtake, purpoſely erected in the public market-hall, in the city of Mayenne, by the common hangman, and there to remain one market-day during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Thieving cotton;" and in the ſame place flogged naked, and branded with a hot iron with the three letters G A L, after which to be ſent to the galleys, and there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

The

The twenty-fifth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Robert Furcy Barbot, and Genevive Petit, his wife, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, erected for that purpoſe by the common hangman, in the public market-place of the city of Albert, and to remain one market-day during two hours, having each a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Diſobedience to juſtice and a "fraudulent bankrupt;" and for the ſaid wife of Barbot, "Diſobedience to juſ-"tice, and accomplice with a fraudulent "bankrupt;" afterwards to be baniſhed for the time and ſpace of five years.

The

The twenty-ſixth of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Gilbert Gagneux, *alias* Burbbonois, to have his arms, legs, thighs, and back broke alive by the common hangman, on a ſcaffold erected for that purpoſe in the public market-place of the Fountains of the city of Auxerre, and to be previouſly exorted by the ordinary and extraordinary queſtions, for aſſaults and robbery he committed on the high-road, to put off the accuſation againſt John Gaudry, juſt after the execution of the aforeſaid Gilbert Gagneux.

The

The twenty-ſeventh of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Robert Cuſſet, *alias* Delaune, to make honourable amends before the principal door of the cathedral of the town of Riom, where he is to be brought by the common hangman in a tumbrel, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with this word, "Fratricide," and in the ſame place to have his thumb cut off, after which to be brought to the public market-place of the city of Riom, and there, to be broke alive, on a ſcaffold erected for that purpoſe, by the ſaid executioner, for having aſſaſſinated and ſtabbed his brother.

The twenty-ſeventh of September one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Michael Lavarie, jeweller, to be hanged till he was dead, by the common hangman, on a gallows erected for that purpoſe in the public market-hall of the city of Mamers, for a burglary.

N. B. During the month of September,

Condemned.

Three broke on the wheel.

Two burnt.

Four hung.

One whipped and marked G A L, and ſent to the houſe of Correction for three years.

Six

Six to be faſtened by iron collars, to be tranſported, one for three and the others for five years.

One to be faſtened to an iron collar, and afterwards to ſerve in the galleys for three years.

The firſt of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Francis Jullien to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, erected in the market-place of St. Nicholas, by the common hangman, and to remain there from ten o'clock till noon, having a bill wrote and ſtuck before and behind, bearing theſe words, "Stealer of lead on St. "Nicholas's port;" and in the ſame place marked with three letters G A L,

after which to be ſent to the King's galleys, and there to ſerve for the time and ſpace of three years.

The firſt October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Charles Moulin to be faſtened by an iron collar, by the common hangman, to a ſtake erected in the market-place of the city of Coney, and to remain one market-day during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Cutter of fruit trees;" and in the ſame place to be marked with the three letters G A L, after which to be ſent to the galleys, and there to ſerve the King as a ſlave, for the time and ſpace of three years.

The

The third of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned James Lefevre to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, erected on the port of St. Nicholas, by the common hangman, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, bearing theſe words, "Stealing lead on St. Nicholas's port;" and in the ſame place marked with the three letters, G A L, after which to be ſent to the galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

The third of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned William Boiſſery to be

faſtened by an iron collar, by the common hangman, to a ſtake erected for that purpoſe in the ſquare of the Palais Royal, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "A thief, and "having endeavoured to deceive in ha-"ving at his button hole, without any "title, a red ribbon, nearly reſembling "the order of St. Lewis;" at the ſame place to be marked with the three letters G A L, after which to be ſent to the galleys, and there to remain as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of five years.

The third of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Emanuel Henry, journeyman joiner, to be whipped and marked, and ſent to the galleys for life; and

and Ann Magdalen Euſtache, his wife, to be whipped, marked, and ſent to Bridewell for nine years, for private ſtealing, falſe keys being found in their poſſeſſion.

The fourth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Lewis Joſeph Haugmauet Femblards to be hanged till he is dead, in the principal market-place of the city of Chinon, previouſly applied to him the ordinary queſtions, for burglary, and being an accomplice in the death of his brother Chaboſſiene.

The eleventh of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Mary Jane Vaſſias, widow of Jamet Heyraud, *alias*, Candit, to be faſtened by an iron collar to a ſtake, erected in the market-place of Faules, in the city of Riom, and there to remain one market-day, during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "For ſtealing at the fair;" and in the ſame place whipped and marked with the letter V, and confined for ever in the General Bridewell of the Hoſpital of Saltpêtriere.

The

The eleventh of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Villian, *alias* Faint Peter, to be whipped by the common hangman in the city of Mortagne, and to be marked with the three letters G A L, after which, to be ſent to the galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years, for ſtealing a ſilver watch-caſe, and having ſold it to a watch-maker of the city of Mortagne.

The nineteenth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Mary Jane Labiche to be hanged by the common hangman on a gibbet

a gibbet erected for that purpoſe in the market-place of Ferté-Vidame, for robbing a ſervant, and burglary.

The nineteenth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Joſeph Marmay to be hanged, by the common executioner, on a gibbet erected for that purpoſe in St. Stephen's market-place, in the city of Sens; for burglary.

The nineteenth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Claudius Randoulet to be faſtened by an iron collar, by the

common hangman, to a ſtake erected in the public corn market, and to remain two hours having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, " For ſtealing " ſheaves in the field during the night;" and in the ſame place to be whipped and marked with the three letters G A L; after which to be ſent to the galleys, and to ſerve there as a ſlave for three years.

The nineteenth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Oliver, *alias* Begue, and John Rougit, to be faſtened by an iron collar, by the common hangman, to a ſtake erected for that purpoſe in the public ſquare of Guerigny, having a bill wrote before and behind with theſe words, " For ſtealing iron from the " Royal

"Royal Forge of Chauſade," and in the ſame place whipped and marked with the three letters G A L, and ſent to the King's galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

The twenty-ſecond of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Claudius Cadot to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common hangman, to a ſtake purpoſely erected in the public market-place of the town of Troyes, and to remain there one market-day during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "A raviſher," and in the ſame place branded with a hot iron, with the three letters G A L, after which to be

ſent

ſent to the King's galleys, and to ſerve as a ſlave during the time and ſpace of nine years.

The twenty-ſecond of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Mathurin Poupard, *alias* Brokenhead, John Gallon, *alias* Langevin, John Dumois, *alias* Perigord, and John Stephen Féty, to be faſtened to iron collars, during three ſucceſſive market-days, by the common hangman, to a ſtake erected for that purpoſe in the public market-place of Martroy, in the city of Orleans, and to remain there each day two hours, having each a bill ſtuck before and behind bearing theſe words, "Diſturbers of the public quiet," and in the ſame place, the third and laſt day, the

the aforeſaid Poupard and Gallon marked with the three letters G A L, and from thence ſent to the King's galleys, there to remain as ſlaves for the time and ſpace of nine years; and the aforeſaid Dumois and Féty tranſported for nine years each, from the Bailwick of Orleans, and of the city and Provoſt Marſhall of Paris.

The twenty-third of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Lewis Gallopin, firſt door-keeper to the Salt Magazine at Meaux, to be branded by the common hangman with the three letters G A L, in the public market-place of the town of Meaux, and from thence ſent to the King's galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for

for the time and ſpace of three years, for falſe and colluſive behaviour in his ſituation as door-keeper.

The twenty-fourth of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the Judges of the lateſt Juriſdiction of the Waters and Foreſts of France, and General Court of the Marble Table of the Palace at Paris,

Which condemned Peter Bazin, junior, Edmund Fouchy, junior, and Stephen Mittais, junior, to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common hangman, in the public market-place of Paroy, and there remain during two hours, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Seditious and violent

" lent wood cutters," and in the aforeſaid place Peter Bazin, junior, Edmund Fouchy, junior, and Stephen Mattais junior, to be marked with the three letters G A L, and ſent to the galleys for three years. Condemned Edmund Bazin ſenior, to be admoniſhed on the complaint and accuſation filed againſt Peter Chalmeau, but at the requeſt of the ſubſtitute of the attorney general in the juriſdiction of Sens, no bill of indictment was found. And diſcharged Peter Parigot, junior, of the complaints and accuſations filed againſt him.

N. B. In the courſe of the month of October,

Eleven faſtened to iron collars, branded with the letters G A L, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

One do. do. for five years.

Two hanged.

One

One whipped and ſent to the galleys for life.

One do. and marked with the letters G A L, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

Sentence of the Judges of the Juriſdiction of the Waters and Foreſts of France, during the month of October.

Three to be faſtened to iron collars and ſent to the galleys for three years.

One diſcharged for a flaw in the indictment.

One acquitted.

The twenty-ninth of November, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Lavigne, journeyman pavior, to be faſtened to an iron collar in the Dauphin market-place, having a bill before and behind with theſe words, "Thief of the ſtraps and buckles "of a coach," to be whipped, and marked with the letter V. and tranſported for five years.

The thirtieth of November, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Warin to be faſtened to an iron collar in Greve-ſquare, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Workman ſtealing

" old iron from a ſhip in which he work-
" ed," marked and ſent to the galleys for three years.

N. B. During the month of November,

One to be faſtened to an iron collar, whipped and marked with the letter V, and tranſported for five years.

One faſtened to an iron collar, marked and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The third of December one thouſand ſeven hundred and eight-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Lewis Charles Evrios, *alias* St. Lewis, a ſervant, to be hanged

by the executioner on the market and public ſquare of the city of Epemay, for robbing a ſervant.

The fourth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Anthony le Clerc, ſervant out of place, to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common executioner, in Greve-ſquare, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "Thieving handkerchiefs and aprons "from the Mount of Piety," to be whipped, and marked with the three letters G A L, and to be ſent to the galleys for three years.

The

The ſeventh of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Chambiellion, weaver at Sens, to be faſtened to an iron collar by the executioner, in the public ſquare of the city of Sens, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Thieving cotton from an open car-"riage," whipped, and marked with the three letters G A L, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The tenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Francis Lavalle to be broke alive on the great ſquare of

the city of Roie, for premeditated aſſaſſination on the body of Florent Patte.

The tenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Elizabeth Mercier, widow of Lenior, to be faſtened to an iron collar by the executioner, in the market-hall, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Stealer "of raiſins from the market-hall floor," to be whipped and marked and ſent to the Bridewell for three years.

The

The fourteenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Francis le Clerc, broker, to be hung by the executioner in Greve-ſquare, being firſt put on the rack, for burglary.

The fourteenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Peter Lambert, quilt-maker, to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common executioner, to the Seve door, having a bill ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Stealing greens "from a marſh during night," to be whipped, marked, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

The ſeventeenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Petit, junior, *alias* Lepoil, Francis Petit, *alias* l'Eveillé, Maſon and John Hubert, *alias* Baracan, printer, to be hung by the common executioner in the public ſquare of the city of Agoulême, for burglary.

The twentieth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned John Baptiſte Lachenaud, ſawyer, to be faſtened to an iron collar, by the common executioner, in the public ſquare of Faules, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "Stealing in the fair," to be whipped, marked, and ſent to the galleys for five years.

The

The twenty-third of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Sébaſtien Guillemin, and Leon Macquart, to be faſtened by an iron collar, to a ſtake erected on the Quay of Rapée, to remain there from ten till twelve o'clock, having a bill ſtuck before and behind, with theſe words, "For "Stealing timber from an wood-yard," in the ſame place to be branded with a hot iron with the three letters G A L, and ſent to the galleys to ſerve as a ſlave for the ſpace and time of nine years.

The twenty-eight of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Francis Dupont to be

hung, by the common executioner, in the public bull beating place of the city of Lyons, being firſt put on the rack, for burglary.

The thirtieth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-two.

Sentence of the court of parliament which condemned Francis Granger to be faſtened to an iron collar, by a ſtake in the public ſquare in the city of Dein le Roi, and there to remain one market-day during two hours, having a paper ſtuck before and behind with theſe words, "Thieving in the fair," and in the ſame place branded with the three letters G A L, and conducted to the galleys, there to ſerve as a ſlave for the time and ſpace of three years.

N. B. Du-

N. B. During the courſe of the month of December,

Six hung.

Three faſtened to iron collars and ſent to the galleys for three years.

One broke alive.

Two faſtened to an iron collar, whipped, marked, and ſent to the galleys for three years.

One ditto, ditto, for five years.

One ditto, ditto, branded and ſent to the galleys for nine years.

ARRET

ARRET

DE LA

COUR DE PARLEMENT.

JANUARY 18, 1785.

QUI condamne Jean Claude Ponchon Compagnon Cloutier, à être rompu vif par l'exécuteur de la Haute Juſtice, ſur un échafaud, qui pour cet effet, ſera dreſſé dans la place de Greve; ici lui Jean Claude Ponchon préalablement appliqué à la queſtion ordinaire et extraordinaire, pour aſſaſſinat, et Vol. Extrait des Regiſtres du Parlement,

Du dix huit Janvier Sept, cent quatre-vingt-cinq.

Vu par la cour le procès criminel fait par le Prévôt de Paris, ou ſon Lieutenant Criminel

Criminel au Châtelet, a la requête du Substitut du Procureur Gen. du Roi audit Siége, demandeur et accusateur, contre un quidam, accusé, absent & contumaux & contre Jean Claude Ponchon compagnon Cloutier, defendeur et accusé, prisonnier ès prison de la Conciergerie du Palais à Paris ; la sentence rendue sur le dit procès le 29 Octobre 1784, par laquelle la contumace a ète déclarée bien & valablement instruire contre ledit quidam, accusé, absent, & avant faire droit définitivêment il a été ordonnê qúil seroit plus amplement informé des faits mentionnés au procés ; il a été dit aussi qúavant faire droit definitivêment sur les plaintes & accusations intentées contre ledit Jean Claude Ponchon il seroit plus amplement informé pendant un des faits mentionnès au procés, pendant lequel tems il garderoit prison, les preuves réservées ; a laquelle sentence ledit Jean Claude Ponchon a déclaré acquiescer lors de la lecture à lui fait d'icelle. L'Arrêt de la cour rendu sur la requête du Procureur General du Roi, le 25 Novembre

vembre mille ſept cent quatre vingt-quatre, par laquelle il a été reçu appelant *a minimâ* de la dite ſentence, & il a été ordonné qu'expeditions des procedùres faites au Châtelet de Paris contre le dit Ponchon, enſemble de la ſentence définitive, ſeroient apportées au Greffe criminel de la cour, à ce faire tous Greffiers contraints par corps, quoi faiſant, déchargés ; comme auſſi il a été ordonné que ledit Jean Claude Ponchon ſeroit transféré, ſous bonne & ſûre garde, des priſons du Châtelet en celles de la Conciergerie du Palais, a ce faire tous Geoliers pareillement contrains par corps, le requiſitoire du Subſtitut du Procureur Général du Roi du Châtelet de Paris, à fin d'execution du dit arret ; l'ordonnance du Lieutenant Criminel dudit Châtelet du 3 Decembre 1784, portant que le dit arret ſera exécuté ſelon ſa forme & teneur : concluſions du Procureur Général du Roi. Oui & interogé en la cour ledit Jean Claude Ponchon ſur les faits reſultans du proces : Tout conſidéré.

La

La cour faiſant droit ſur l'appel *à Manima* interjetté par la Procureur du Roi, de la ſentence du Châtelet de Paris du 29 Octobre dernier met l'appellé au néant, émendant, pour les cas reſultans du procés, condamne ledit Jean Claude Ponchon à avoir les bras, jambes cuiſſes et reins rompus vif par l'executeur de la Haute Juſtice ſur un échafaud qui pour cet effet, ſera dreſſé ſur la place de Greve, inſuite mit ſur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y demeurer tant & ſi long temps qu' il plaira a Dieu lui conſerver la vie, ledit Ponchon préalablement appliqué à la queſtion ordinaire & extraordinaire, pour avoir par ſa bouche la révélation de ſes complices & la vérité d'aucuns faits reſultans du procés: déclaré tous les bien dudit Ponchon acquis & confiſqués au Roi ou a qui il appartiendra ſur iceux preâlablement pris la ſomme de deux cens livres d'amende envers le dit Seigneur Roi, au cas que confiſcation n'ait pas lieu a ſon profit; pour les procés verbaux de queſtion & d'execution dudit Ponchon,